LINUS PAULING AND THE VITAMIN CONTROVERSY, by Norman Cousins

Saturday Review

MAY 15, 1971/FIFTY CENTS

NEW COMMUNITIES

BUSINESS ON THE URBAN FRONTIER

SPECIAL ISSUE

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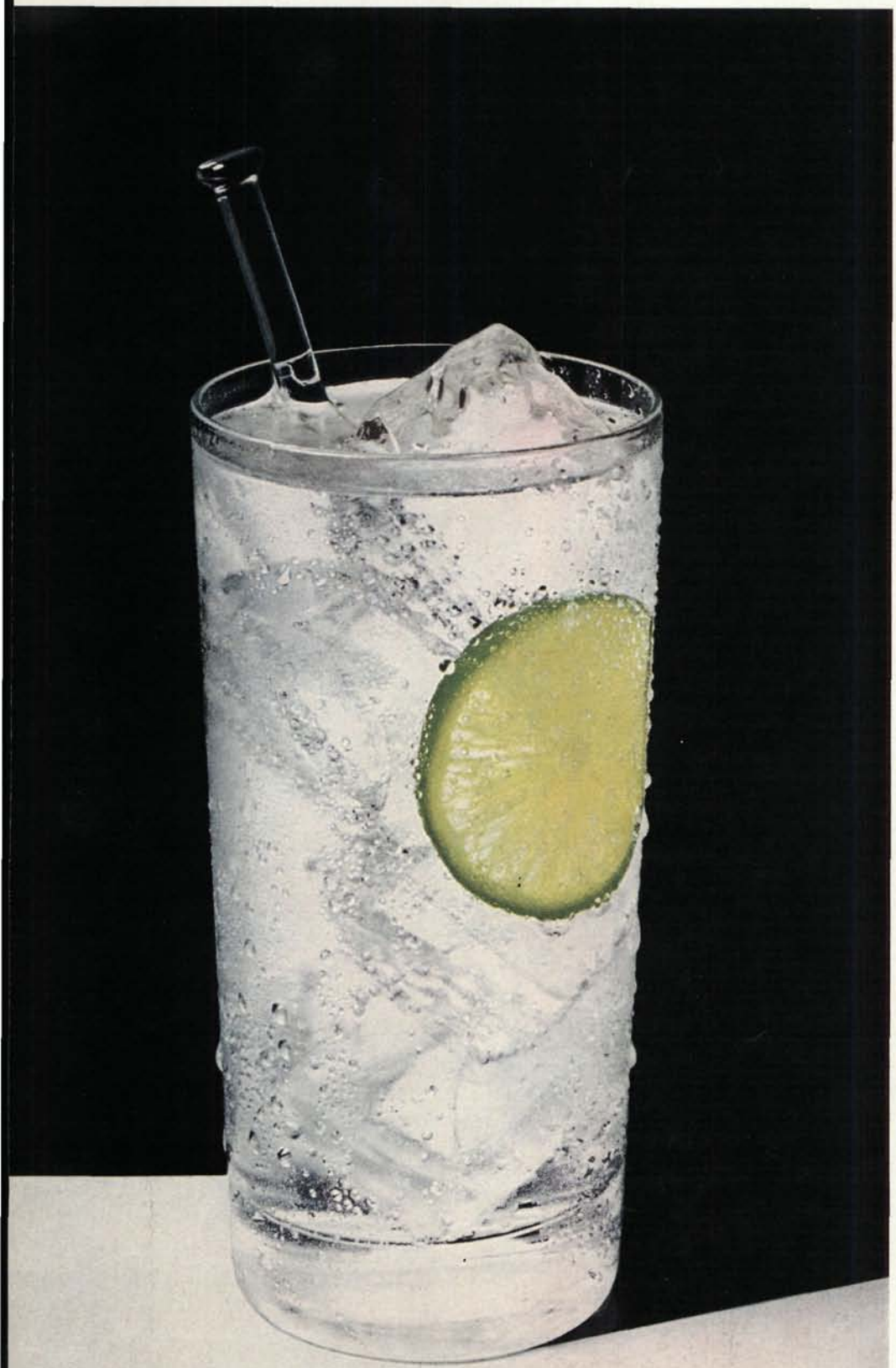

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Dear Paul,

You wondered why we turned our backs on all the usual places and went to Canada last year.

Easy. We wanted a hell of a lot more than just a sun tan out of our vacation. We wanted to sample new people, new points of view, a new environment. We wanted to soak up ideas as well as sunshine. (We figure their effect lasts longer!)

About a third of the country (numerically, not geographically) is French-speaking. Montreal is, in fact, the second-largest French-speaking city in the world. English is very much a second language there - and in some small towns in Quebec, it's a virtually non-existent. No problem. They're very patient and good-humored, with each other as well as with visitors.

We found, incidentally, that people living in other parts of the country have been just as tenacious as French-speaking Canadians in hanging on to their own identities.

Lunenburg ship-builders still practice the same crafts and sing the same songs their ancestors brought from Germany. And the city of Victoria (on the west coast) is surely the only place outside England where afternoon tea is still a formal and rather gracious occasion. Even Toronto - for all its bustling North American airs - is home to a dozen different ethnic groups, all of them politely determined not to be absorbed.

We found, too, that Canadians have a deep sense of history. (Something they brought from Europe?) They respect it and (more to the point) they resist the temptation to pull bits of it down to make way for new expressways. It's hard to travel through Canada without being constantly reminded of the past. Old traditions as well as old buildings are still intact.

In the fishing villages of Newfoundland, for instance, we heard accents and a vernacular that has more in common with 18th century Ireland than with 20th century North America. At the Highland Games in Nova Scotia, we saw a festival that hasn't changed in form in hundreds of years. And at Upper Canada Village (in Ontario) we found a beautiful piece of 150 year old history - authentic right down to the sassafras candy on sale in the village store.

Canada showed us the world from a different vantage point. And you know something, Paul? I'll swear it was turning a little more slowly.

Regards,

MSRO.

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May 15, 1971

Saturday Review

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New Communities: Business on the Urban Frontier

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CARTOONISTS: Robert Censoni, Ed Fisher, Leo Garel, Herbert Goldberg, Henry Martin, Vahan Shirvanian

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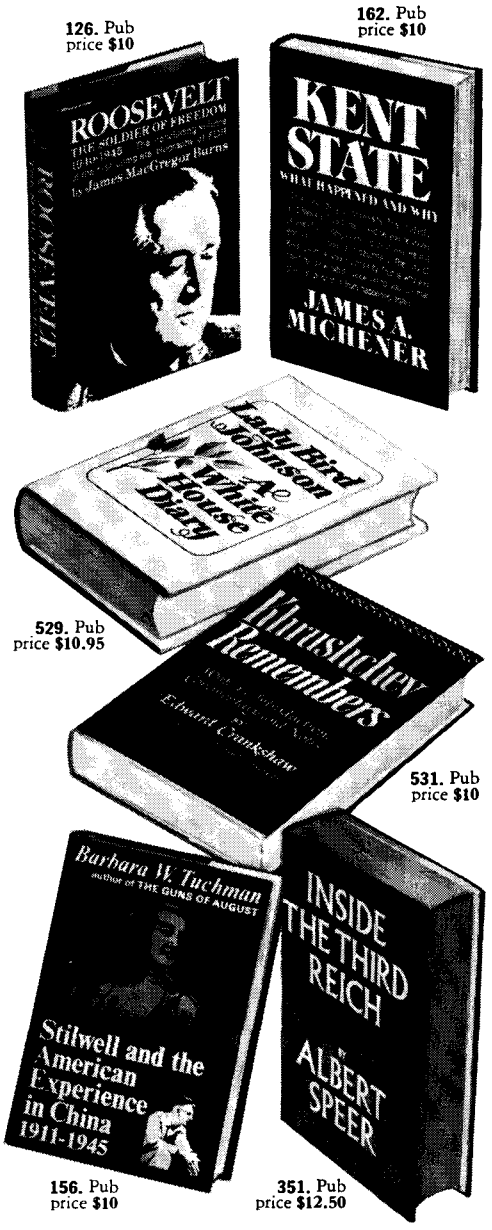

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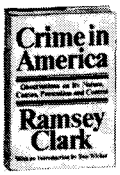

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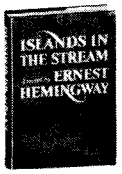

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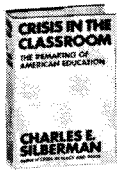

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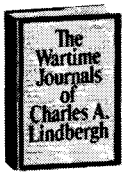

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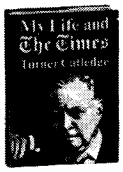

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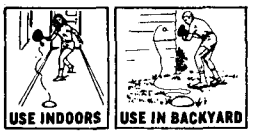

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Spring Hangup

OVER THE YEARS, starting even before Adolf Hitler, paper hanging has gotten a million laughs. In the movies, great rolls of wallpaper curl up over people who fall off ladders covered with paste as dogs chase cats around the room. People who have done their own wallpapering rarely even chuckle at the antics on the silver screen. They remember great rolls of curling paper causing them to fall off ladders on dogs and cats covered with paste. (Never mind what modifies what, you picky grammarians; *everything* was covered with paste.)

The most difficult job is preparing the surface. The very thought makes the brain cringe. So many more jobs would get done around the home if you didn't have to "prepare the surface" first. By the time you get a surface prepared, all enthusiasm for the project at hand has disappeared. Remember Uncle Percy, who invited you and all the other kids for a Sunday drive? As you gathered around, he said, "First we must wash the car. . . ."

Many people have such severe hangups about preliminary work that they flee from place to place all their lives, leaving a trail of unprepared surfaces behind them. Or else they tackle the job without preparing the surface. That's possible in a paper-hanging project, but it's not a good idea. Chances are you'll run into trouble. Putting new paper on old paper is risky unless the old paper is still adhering firmly. And you know it isn't. Deep in your heart you know the old paper is loose and cracked and awful.

Too many layers of wallpaper can give you a closed-in feeling. Many city apartments have been papered over so many times that there's no room in the rooms. A good rule of thumb is that if both elbows touch walls—and you're standing in the room the long way—you should remove all the old wallpaper and start all over again. However, if you have unusually long elbows, you might possibly get away with one more layer of paper.

To remove old layers of wallpaper, you need old clothes, a wide putty knife, and a compulsive urge to destroy. You loosen up the paper by either soaking it with hot water or using a wallpaper steamer. Only two things will relieve the boredom. The first is the layer-by-layer discovery of what hideous taste the previous tenants had. The other is the prospect of finding a million-dollar bill or an original Van Gogh between the wall and first layer of paper, a logical hiding place for money and paintings.

As you wield the scraper, be careful not to gouge the walls. Not only will the Van Gogh be ruined, but you'll have to fill up the holes before you put on the new paper. Cracks and holes should be filled with spackling compound and sanded smooth when dry. The next step is to apply a coat of wall size, a glue-like substance that seals the surface and also fills in small depressions. Like your ears and eyes.

There are formulas for estimating the amount of wallpaper you'll need, but they don't take into account dog and cat damage. Your best bet is to supply the dealer with your room dimensions, plus window and door measurements, and a list of household pets. The dealer will give you enough rolls of wallpaper to do the room. Make sure he has more of the same pattern on hand.

Start papering next to a door. (Don't paper over the door.) From the door frame, measure out a distance of one inch less than the width of the paper and make a mark. Then, using the chalked plumb line, snap a perfectly vertical line against the wall. Then go to bed. That's quite enough for one day.

When you return to the room several months later, maybe someone will have already papered it. Or taken away the rolls of wallpaper and applied a decent coat of whitewash. If not, you've got to start hanging the wallpaper.

Cut off a piece from the roll equal to the distance from floor to ceiling plus about eight inches to allow trimming on the top and bottom. Then lay the paper face down on the work table and start brushing paste on the back, as the remainder of the roll falls off the table into the fresh bucket of paste.

After plucking out the roll and flinging it against the wall in a blind rage, finish applying paste to the first strip and then start on exposed parts of your body. Remove your clothes and cover yourself completely with paste. Now you are ready to 1) go out in the street and dance, or 2) apply the first strip of paper to the wall. If you choose to be dull and hang paper, here's the technique:

Carefully line up the first strip so its edge touches the chalk line, and smooth it out against the wall. It helps if you apply the paste on one half of the paper's length first, fold it over

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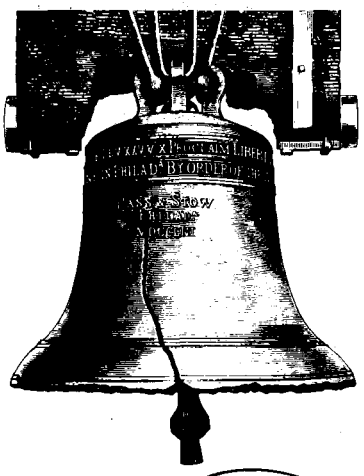

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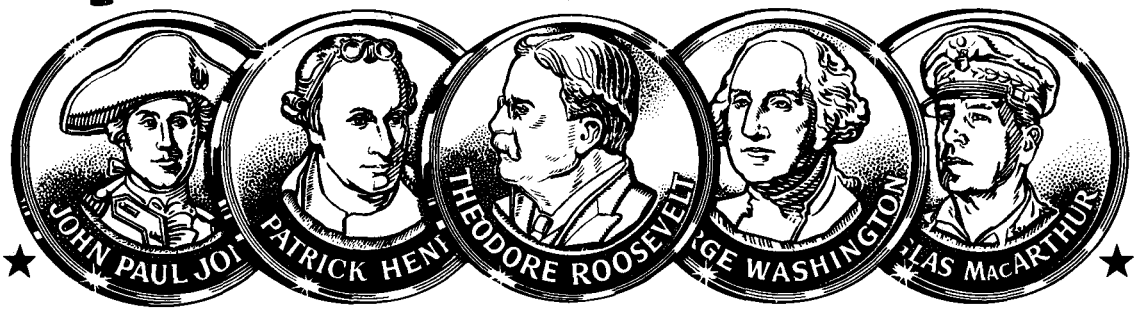

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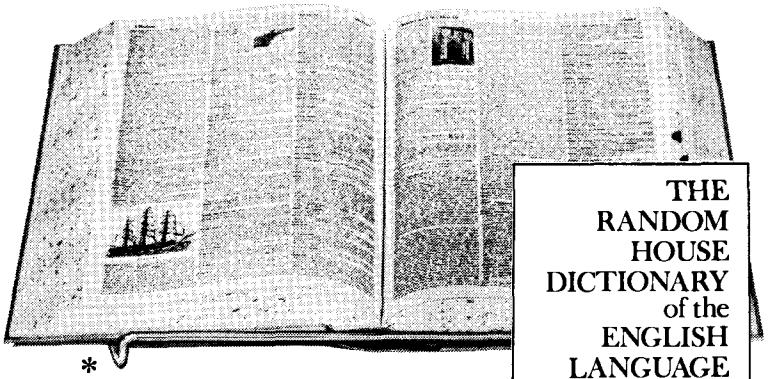

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loosely paste side to paste side, and then do the same thing with the other half. It also helps if you don't lose your head as you're trying to hold the paper up against the wall and to unfold it at the same time.

Once the paper is lined up, use a smoothing brush or damp sponge to flatten out the strip and remove bubbles and wrinkles. Then carefully trim off the top and bottom with a razor blade and wipe off the excess paste.

Each succeeding layer of paper is applied to the wall just a tiny bit away from the preceding one and is then sort of nudged over in place so it matches up. Press the edges down with a seam roller. Before you put paste on the next strip, the books say to hold it up against the wall to make sure it will match up with the other piece. To do this, just pull the roll apart until one hand is up against the ceiling molding and the other hand is against the baseboard. Then go out in the kitchen and eat a bunch of bananas.

In order to paper ceilings, it takes two people, both insane. If you're thinking of papering your ceiling you don't need instructions, you need a doctor.

Today, the home decorator has a huge assortment of wall coverings to choose from, in every imaginable pattern, color, and material. The secret of modern decorating is to apply something that looks like something else. There are plastic coverings that look like cloth, cloth coverings that look like tile, tile coverings that look like metal, metal coverings that look like wood, and wood coverings that look like plastic. And vice versa. You can also get fiberglass panels that look like real rocks cemented together. So far, they haven't tried to make real rocks look like anything else, but they're working on it.

You don't need water, paste, or tools to apply many of the modern materials. You just stick them on, after peeling off a protective backing. In a jiffy, you can cover your walls with imitation bricks, your refrigerator with imitation wood, your windows with imitation chair caning, and your chairs with imitation stained-glass windows.

But even with stick-on materials, ceilings are almost impossible to get right. You might try nailing up the fiberglass fake-rock panels, though. In this nuclear age, a stone ceiling gives you a sense of security.

—DERECK WILLIAMSON.

NOTE: *This and other handyman's traumas that first appeared in this column are included in Dereck Williamson's definitive work on household disasters,* The Complete Book of Pitfalls, *to be published by the McCall Publishing Company this month.*

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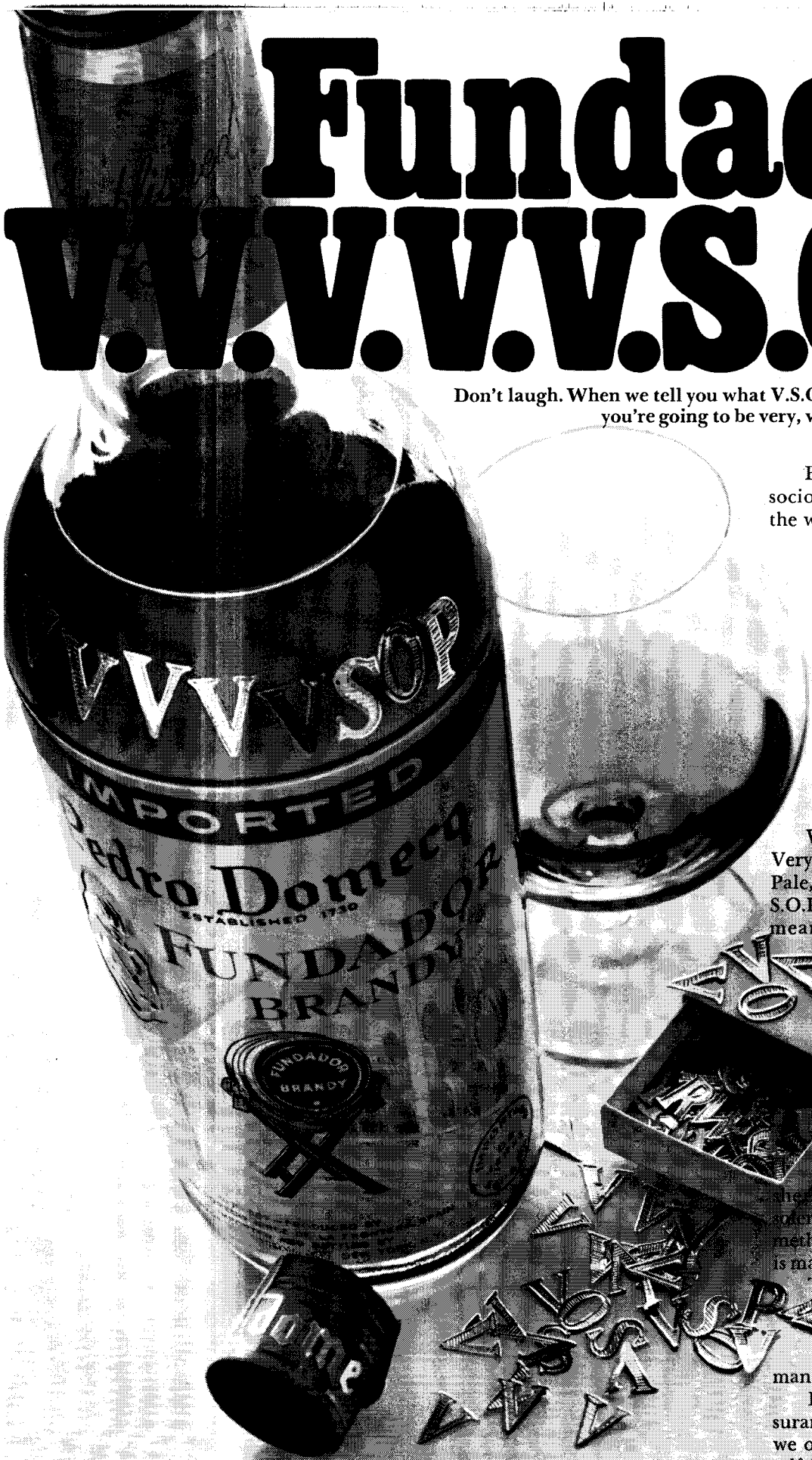
Fundador V.V.V.S.O.P.

Don't laugh. When we tell you what V.S.O.P. on a brandy *really* means, you're going to be very, very, very, very, very surprised.



Be prepared to throw years of socio-economic brainwashing out the window.

The V.S. in V.S.O.P. means the brandy maker considers his product Very Superior. Good thinking for anyone who wants to get ahead in the brandy business.

The O means it's old. But how old? You're rarely told.

The P means it's pale. Compared to what?

In truth, V.S.O.P. on a brandy represents the maker's opinion of his product.

We think Fundador is Very, Very, Very, Very, Very Superior Old Pale, and we could put V.V.V.V.V. S.O.P. on our label. But it wouldn't mean very much, except maybe we'd be able to raise the price a bit.

So there is no V.S.O.P. on Fundador. Just the place where Fundador Brandy is made—Jerez, a small region of Spain.

Jerez is where sherry comes from. And Fundador Brandy is aged and blended the way sherry is aged and blended—the solera way, a subtle centuries-old method. Only brandy from Spain is made this way.

The solera system gives Fundador the warm taste of good brandy, without the dryness that keeps many people away from brandy.

If, though, you need the reassurance of V.S.O.P. on the bottle, we offer this Fundador do-it-yourself kit. Only ten cents. Then it's *your* opinion of how many Verys we're worth that's on the bottle.

It's the only opinion that matters.

80 Proof. Imported from Spain by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y.C.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Grain Drops Falling on My Eyes

WHEN THE SANDMAN comes a-dropping his sleep-inducing granules, that's when I lie awake writing letters in the sand, in non-violent protest against the Establishment, and mailing them by ESP to all and sundry.

Chou En-lai,
Peking, China

Your Excellency:

Welcome aboard. And high time. Suddenly it's a whole new ball game. Ping-pong. Dominoes are out.

You will be pleased to know that the friendliness and enthusiasm of your people for our table tennis team have been happy, page-1 news, despite the fact that our Vice President rushed into our new open-door policy like a bull in a china closet.

Also a few spoilsports claimed that while you were friendly and enthusiastic in Column A, you beat us at Ping-pong in Column B. Bourgeoisie!

Nevertheless, the general feeling is that after what we have read and heard about your country all these years, we wouldn't recognize China today. But we will. And soon. We wouldn't want it any other way. Not for all the tea in Taiwan. Even if we have to take it to the highest court in the land—Martha Mitchell.

Peter Zage & Company, Ltd.,
301 East 57th Street,
New York City

Dear Sir:

I was interested to see by a recent full-page ad in the *Times* that you are selling Rolls-Royces for $23,800 (local taxes not included). That price seemed fair enough, and I planned to come over to buy one.

But the ad also states there are two "useful preliminaries to visiting your Rolls-Royce dealer." One is to buy the Rolls catalogue, which sells for $2; the other is to buy the *Owner's Manual*, which goes for $12.50.

Can I purchase these two "preliminaries"—($14.50)—on a monthly-payment basis? I have always dreamed of owning a Rolls-Royce, which I consider the Cadillac of cars. Cordially.

P.S.—How many gallons to a block?

"I still don't believe we're only 2½ hours away from Times Square!"

Howard Hughes,
Wherever

Dear Sir:

Since you are a man who knows his way around money, I come to you for information. After World War II, when the Allies had demolished the enemy, our government helped them to rehabilitate. Today Germany and Japan are among the foremost industrial nations in the world.

I am looking ahead now. If the Pentagon's description of how devastatingly we are beating the Vietcong is correct, my question to you, sir, is: Is this a good time to buy non-taxable, municipal North Vietnamese bonds?

I want to get in on the ground floor. If there is going to be any ground floor left to get into. Hopefully yours.

Dr. Milton Reder,
555 Park Avenue,
New York City

Dear Doctor:

I have your card warning me I am six months overdue for another eye examination. I have been very busy. I will drop in as soon as I can see my way clear.

Meanwhile, you will be happy to learn, I am doing very well with the Seeing Eye dog with 10-10 vision that you prescribed when last I was in your office. With his vision complementing my own 10-10, I am fine. Out of sight. (Ha, ha.)

I still have the bill you sent for that visit. I'm not saying it was extraordinarily high, but when my dog and I read it, he rolled over and played dead. Regards to Vi, who probably does her shopping in her Rolls and must be the best-dressed woman in town.

Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.,
The FBI
Warner Brothers,
Burbank, California

Dear Sir:

I was happy to read that your *FBI* series has been renewed. I have a suggestion that would update your next season's batch of programs. At the conclusion, after you've captured the culprit, your announcer always says, "Joe Culprit was convicted of murder, robbery, and the carrying of stolen property across state lines. He is now serving a sentence in a federal prison."

To make *The FBI* au courant, in the mood and thinking of our Silent Majority, that last sentence should be amended to read: "He is now serving a sentence in a federal prison, unless the President of the United States intervenes."

Warmest regards to your director.

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ANNOUNCING THE

Saturday Review

NINETEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

Two Grand Prizes

Color winner:

Round-Trip to New Delhi

Black-and-white winner:

Round-Trip to Dublin

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 1, 1972, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following panel of judges.

Marie Cosindas—Well-known color photographer and lecturer.

Norman Cousins—Editor, *Saturday Review*.

Ken Heyman—Distinguished photographer, author and world traveler.

Yousuf Karsh—Internationally renowned photographer, author, educator, lecturer.

Inge Morath—Noted Magnum photographer, author.

Margaret R. Weiss—Photography Editor, *Saturday Review*.

The important thing is to read the complete rules and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is September 15, 1971.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and The McCall Publishing Co., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1970, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.

3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photofinisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. *No negatives should be submitted.*
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.

4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 and unmounted.
   d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.
   e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned only if accompanied by return postage: a minimum of 16 cents, *in stamps or coin.* ***Do not send self-addressed envelopes.***

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than one black-and-white **or** one color picture to this magazine's World Travel Photo Contest. All entries must be postmarked no later than September 15, 1971, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: No more than one picture may be submitted by any one entrant.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 1, 1972. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures and the right to use them for promotional purposes.

DEADLINE SEPTEMBER 15, 1971 *Saturday Review* **380 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017**

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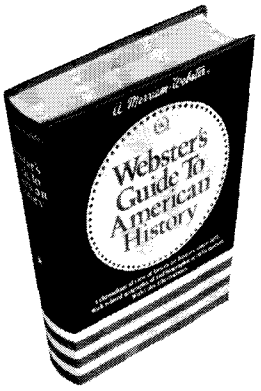

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We're an unpressurized, uninhibited paradise half way between Honolulu and Sydney. A delightful piece of Polynesia. Where you can bask in a private cove by the sea, snorkel, fish, hike or explore the charms of a thatched-roof village — at your own relaxed pace. Next time you're our way, come see us.

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American Samoa
Pago Pago, American Samoa

St. Croix by the Sea

Christiansted, St. Croix
U.S. Virgin Islands

Air-conditioned rooms largest swimming pool on the island; on its own beach; near to Christiansted, golf; entertainment nightly.

Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Political Ad of the Week—from Mrs. Russell Smith of Missoula, Montana, who found it in *The Missoulian*:

DO SOMETHING FOR THE
PEOPLE OF MISSOULA

Let's get the overpass built for the north side and west side. Get the federal government to help with this. This gives access to our two major cemeteries.

WES WALDBILLIG
FOR MAYOR

That's one way, Waldbillig, of burying the opposition.

Our Advertisement of the Week came from Karen Mendelsohn of Berkeley, California, who located the following in her local *Post:*

SECRETARY
Must perform secretarial duties for plant manager in a one-girl office. Will prepare confidential reports & handle all correspondence. Must type 60 WPM. Should be able to operate office machines. Accounting background. Excellent starting salary & cringe benefits including profit sharing.

With, we presume, shock options.

We had breakfast with James Michener — he ordered apple juice and prunes—and asked the author of *Kent State* (Random House) and the forthcoming novel *The Drifters* (also Random House) if he minded having two books come out at virtually the same time. "I do," he said quietly. "It's stupid. But events dictated it. And between you and me as writers, they are actually two chapters of the same book. Before going to Kent State, I had completely finished the novel. I'd had four years up to my ears in young people's vocabulary and vernacular."

Mr. Michener was on his way down to Washington for a Senate hearing—having been appointed to the United States Advisory Commission on Information. "I think," he said, "it's on intellectual operations. Anyway, I'm the only Democrat. The other members are Frank Stanton, president of CBS, Hobart Lewis, president of the *Reader's Digest*, and William Buckley."

We asked him if Kent State had depressed him. "No," he said. "I'm very much in favor of the young people. I think there should be radical change in our universities, and it is especially commendable that, this last year in particular, the students have turned away from violent protest."

Michener is no stranger to colleges, having taught at a score of them and actually having gone to nine. "I'm really an academic bum in the old sense of the word—both in this country and abroad. And it's a tradition I recommend highly for any young men who are not going to be doctors or lawyers or engineers or things that require specific disciplines. First of all, it taught me an understanding of the world. And second, it taught me a real tolerance for other cultures."

Michener's own early life was not easy. "As a matter of fact," he told us, "I really don't know who my parents were. When I had graduated from college, I wanted to go to Europe and I had to have a passport. I had no birth certificate, so a local J.P. literally cooked one up. He put Mount Vernon, New York, for my birthplace, and he made up parents and everything. Purely *ipso facto*. I think he even predated it. The Navy accepted it, and everyone else has since, too.

"I was brought up by a wonderful woman named Mrs. Michener, and I took her name. She did a stunning job taking in children who had been abandoned in the community. I lived constantly surrounded by a mass of kids, eight to ten kids, in Bucks County. Kids from as far off as Philadelphia.

"She was really extraordinary. She made her living sewing buttonholes and doing laundry, yet she put six or seven of those children through high school on her own recognizance, and two through college. Every night, from the earliest I can remember, she would get us in the kitchen and read either Dickens or Thackeray or Charles Reade.

"She was a medium-sized woman, somewhat bent from sitting over her sewing machine, with a wonderful sense of rowdy humor. Anything that happened in the community was a subject for her hilarious comment and review. She was herself a minor Dickens character.

"She is dead now," Michener said matter-of-factly. "But she had a hell of a hard life. At two intervals I was taken away and put in a poor house."

Did she, we asked, live to see his great success? "Not really," he said, "but I'd had some. By the grace of God—I don't know how I had the sense to do it—I had bought her her own house. She took great pride in it, but by then her mind had faded. She used to tell me about it as if I were somebody else.

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"Up to the age of fourteen," he continued, "I doubt that I'd ever had any clothes that belonged to me. But at that age I was a bright kid, and from fourteen on, it's been a breeze. I went to nine universities—never a cent for tuition. People want guys like me.

"The real fact is that I'm a slow developer. I didn't write anything, really, until I was about forty. I discovered girls about two years later than the rest of the mob. I was a cautious guy looking things over and bringing them down to my size. I still am. I've never thought of myself as precocious. I really have a German type of mind. I suppose a man is lucky when the kind of work he does is harmonious with the kind of person he is.

"Focal to my history, I think, is the fact that I came along when I did. If I had come along forty years ago, before America had opened up to the world, I would have been regarded as an amiable exotic off to one side."

Michener has no children, but has had three exotically named wives—Patti Koon, Vange Nord, and Mari Sabusawa. "They were all lovely ladies," he said. "Patti and I were separated for four years during the Second World War, and it just all fell apart. The same thing happened to Vange, who was a beautiful Polish girl, when I started knocking around Asia during the Korean War. But Mari and I have been married for sixteen years, and she goes everywhere with me."

Until the Kent State book, Mr. Michener did all his own research. After a book is finished, however, he looks around for someone to vet it. "And," he added, "for a fat fee. No," he said quickly, "make that 'substantial.'" On *Tales of the South Pacific* it was Osmond Molarsky, a naval officer; on *Hawaii* it was a lovely, retired Hawaiian newspaper lady, Claire Taylor; and on *Iberia* it was Kenneth Vanderford, professor of Spanish at Ripon College. I just give them the manuscript and tell them to kick it to pieces in terms of factual information.

"Not a great deal of error," he concluded quietly, "has been found in my books."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1935)

MIKE ROYKO: BOSS—
RICHARD J. DALEY (OF CHICAGO)

He likes old people and keeps them in key jobs and reslates them for office when they can barely walk, or even when they can't. Like the marriage vows, the pact between jobholder and party ends only in either's death, so long as the jobholder loves, honors, and obeys the party.

Test drive a Renault 16 on the worst road in your neighborhood.

You know which road we mean. The one that rattles your teeth and springs your glove compartment door open.

See how the Renault 16's front wheel drive pulls you through curves with the sureness of a mountain goat.

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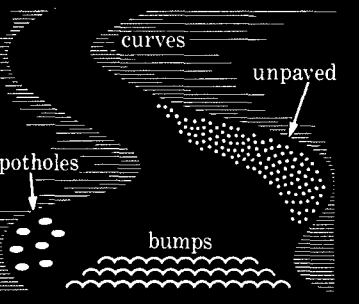

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And that doesn't mean coming in and kicking the tires.

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

An Open Letter To the Honorable Richard Ichord

DEAR HON: When you and the boys in the back room of the House Internal Security Committee first chucked a little mud about my being a radical, I had to gear myself to a whole new set of responses. My daughter phoned from college to say that everyone was running up to congratulate her. "Gee, Dad," she concluded, "you're not really a square!" My boys greeted the news in about the same way, though in their own idiom. "That fat fascist crock is a radical?!" they cried in chorus. I have used both a question mark and an exclamation point in an effort to convey their tone. No punctuation will sufficiently indicate that there was something almost like respect in it. Respect is a reaction I am not accustomed to from my young. I found it to be heady stuff.

Then, of course, you blew it by taking my name off your list. I don't suppose I'll ever again have people come up to me to ask what I've heard from Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman, or if I know where Mark Rudd is holed up, or if I can spare some caps and a few lengths of pipe in time for mid-term exams. I was walking in the shadow of the bold ones. I guess I feel more natural now that I'm back to fox-trotting with the Establishment, but while I was being officially subversive, I want you to know that I took it seriously and even worked up the beginnings of an espionage network. I was, in fact, investigating you, and I began by getting an official copy of that suppressed report of yours. If it can be called a report.

Really, Hon, this sort of thing won't do, not even back in Hog Wallow, Missouri. Not that I intend any least disrespect of Missouri. Back in 1946 at the (so help me) Country Club Christian Church of Kansas City, the Reverend Mr. Young officiating, I married a good friend of mine who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lyle J. Hostetter, Mrs. Hostetter being the former Lola Emmarine Pritchett, both of Pike County, Missouri. I'm sort of a neighbor-in-law, you might say, though I am in no hurry to claim kith and in none whatever to claim kin. I still have good reasons to admire Missouri. A state that raises such daughters can certainly be forgiven some of what it sends to Congress, especially when you consider that election time falls just at the final rush of the hog marketing season when a man has to put first things first and elect what's left over.

Even as the work of an end-of-season left-over, that report of yours is as phony as a lead slug and as insulting as a nickel tip.

Let's start with the "phony." *Webster's NWD* lists about 3,000 universities, colleges, and junior colleges in the United States. You announced to all the newspapers that you had conducted an investigation of "radical speakers on American college campuses." Your investigation consisted of sending 177 letters to colleges picked at random, each being asked to list the outside speakers it had booked during the two preceding years and how much it had paid each speaker. For newspaper consumption, you let it be known you were going to demonstrate that the college lecture circuit was subsidizing revolution. Good for you, Jack Armstrong. But what did you find out?

You got full answers from fifty-two schools and partial answers from twenty-seven. The rest either evaded you or told you to go chase your tail through a stinkweed patch. If we give you half credit for the twenty-seven partial answers and add that thirteen-and-a-half to your fifty-two whole points, you score sixty-five-and-a-half out of a possible (plus or minus) 3,000. You have, I submit, covered about 1/46th of the subject you were so 100 per cent sure of for newspaper purposes. I suppose 1/46th is a fair mean-windbag-average for headline grabbers, but forgive me for thinking that a man with 1/46th of the truth isn't exactly qualified to be taken seriously as a revelationist.

As noted, moreover, I have been insulted, and not at being called a radical—that, as I say, is ego fodder and thanks for it from the ape in me to the ape in you. I am, in fact, eager to confess publicly. Public confession is, of course, the modest man's way of bragging. It is true that I looted the lecture circuit for shady purposes. Fifty per cent of my take, to begin with, went to a subversive and un-American underground network known as the Internal Revenue Service. Most of the other 50 per cent was turned over to fellow-traveler organizations listed on the Big Board, my contact in these pay-offs having been Bache & Co. This confession is made without duress. Except for the fact that I bought and sold some of this stuff at the wrong time, I was premeditatedly saving up to buy the federal government. One of the first things I was going to do upon acquiring the Treasury was to stop your salary. I meant to run this country prudently once I had bought it, and paying a full salary to 1/46th of a man is not my idea of prudence.

If you conclude that I have a low opinion of you, I have. How would you feel, Hon, if you had been publicly charged with being a looter and then found the facts officially listed by name, number of raids in the two-year period, and total loot acquired—all of it coming down to a one-line listing:

John Ciardi (3) .....$4,000.

Four thousand dollars for three whole lectures! Well, all right: one of them must have been a tie-in at reduced rates. That does happen. Do two such packages a week and you still come out to $8,000. I can make do with that.

But I will not be officially listed as a piker—not without fighting back. I'll have you know, Hon, that my gross take for the period supposedly covered by your piker-pecker investigation was —give or take a nickel—about $180,000. I want my banker to file that fact. Your constituents may want to note that $4,000 is exactly 1/45th of $180,000. They may be impressed by the consistency with which you hover around that figure. (Don't hesitate to tell the IRS—every penny has been declared and audited.)

Gross, to be sure, is not net. Harry Walker of the Walker Lecture Agency, a particularly shady contact in this dark business, begins by skimming 35 per cent, his one excuse being that he is worth it, and his one justification being that he is. Travel expenses take another 20 per cent or so. Let's say net is about 46 per cent of gross, since that figure seems to crop up whenever you are around.

Will that clear the record, Hon? I guess I can't stop you from shooting off your big, immune yap about my character, if that gives you any pleasure. But let's keep the books in order. Who steals my name steals a phonetic problem. Who steals my credit line is messing with status. I will not let myself be poor-mouthed by the likes of you.

I was so worked up by your insults, in fact, that I turned my agents loose to tamper with your mail. No, I am not going to review all of it, except to say that it is sneaky stuff you put your franking privilege to. Take your letter of November 30, 1970, to the Honorable John C. Watts, a photocopy of which I

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happen to have in my subversive file.

To begin with, you tell Hon. Watts that your cornHISCers had "abundant reason" to put my name on the list. What happened to those "abundant reasons" a couple of weeks later when you had to drop my name from the list, explaining, through one of your clerks, that to list people simply for opposing the work of your committee was "self-seeking"? I didn't have to investigate you for long to discover you like such big fat double-think phrases as "abundant reason" (meaning, I take it, "self-seeking"). Once the gas is out of it, however, your prose keeps turning up as a litter of limp balloons. As E. E. Cummings once commented:

> a politician is an arse upon
> which everyone has sat except a man.

You go on to tell the Honorable John C. Watts that you found my *SR* reply to your charges (Nov. 7, 1970) "persuasive at first blush." I am glad to think it could make you blush: I wouldn't have thought of you as close enough to our founding principles for so personal a reaction. Let me hope your constituents learn to blush with you—and for you.

You immediately add—still to the Honorable John C. Watts—that the *SR* piece tells only my version and that you have another, which you are inclosing, to prove the abundance of your reason. All right, Hon, let's look at those inclosures.

Your committee it seems—and HUAC and the Dies Committee before it—keeps dwarfs in back rooms to clip newspaper items and to compile lists of people who have signed petitions. The theory of petitions seems to be that it is legal to sign one, but that to be legal more than once or twice adds up to some sort of dwarfish guilt. There is, moreover, no way of checking on the accuracy of your dwarfs. They have it listed from the *Daily Worker* that I spoke at a testimonial dinner for Eisler and Williamson. I am not sure who Williamson is. If Eisler is the gent I think he is, I never set eyes on him. I have never testimonialized for either of them, and I don't know enough about either to work up any testimony. Tell your dwarfs to check their facts, Hon.

Your dwarfs seem to have me under investigation on three other counts.

The first count has to do with the fact that I signed petitions in 1949, 1950, and 1955. The total number of petitions seems to be five, though their phrasing is ambiguous and it is possible that two of their accounts may be of the same signing. Even for dwarfs, I have to describe that as the sort of

(*Continued on page* 57)

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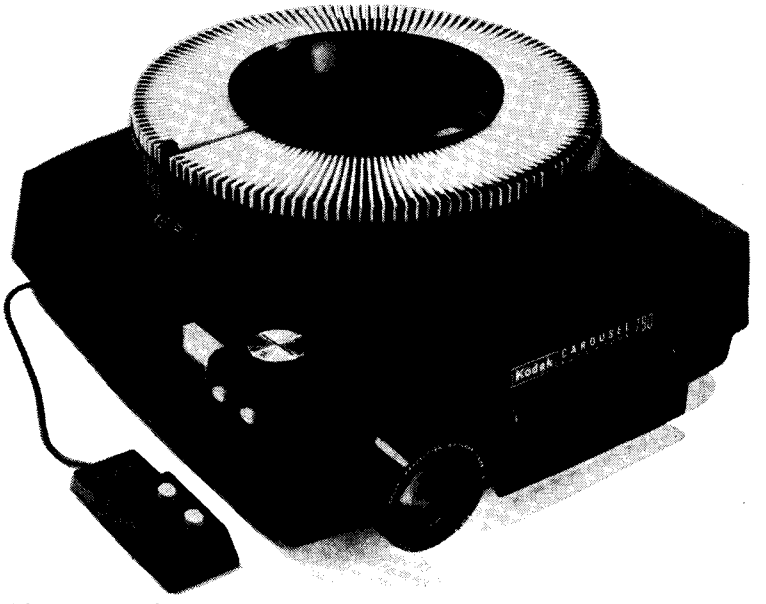

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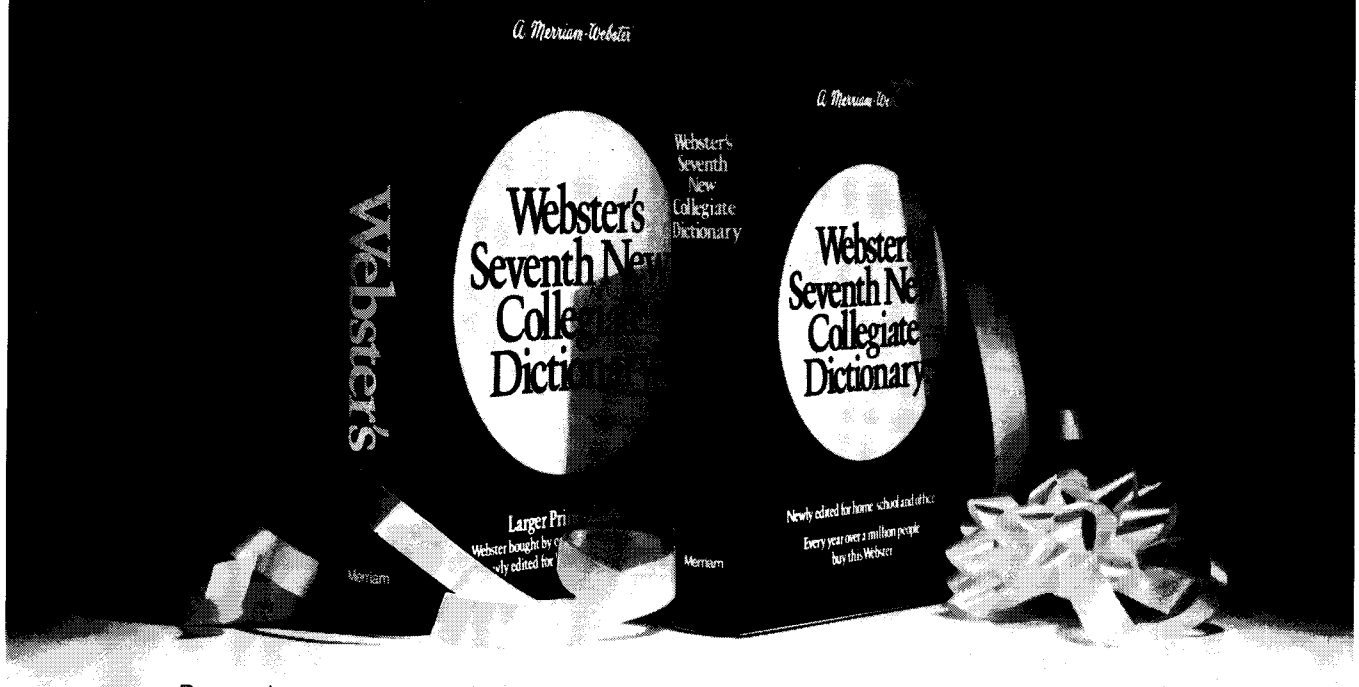

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Mythbegotten

WHEN A BROADWAY HIT begins to have difficulty maintaining profitable audience size at an eight-performance-a-week rate, there isn't much a producer can do about it. Union regulations and other considerations do not make feasible the moving of a show from a Broadway house to a smaller theater Off-Broadway. Nonetheless, *Story Theatre,* the longest-running play of this season's entries, has found a pleasant and ingenious alternative. Using the same simple setting, the same musical accompaniment group, and some of the same actors, it has mounted a second production, *Metamorphoses,* which will play at the Ambassador with its predecessor. *Metamorphoses* will play Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee. *Story Theatre* will continue to be seen on Friday evenings, and at Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday matinees.

Although *Metamorphoses* has been adapted and translated by Arnold Weinstein, it essentially represents director Paul Sills's delightful improvisational approach to ten of Ovid's tales of gods, transformations, and people from the Gold, Silver, Bronze, and Iron ages. The stories include Jove's seduction of Io, who is turned into a cow in an effort to prevent Juno's discovery of the adultery; Europa reminding us that—Titian's painting notwithstanding—Europe was named after a copper-skinned woman; Pygmalion's tumescent pleasure when his statue of Galatea comes alive; Phaëthon's sad attempt to prove his paternity by driving his father's horses across the sky; Jove's changing himself into Diana in order to rape Callisto, who was apparently more susceptible to advances from members of her own sex; Vulcan's amusing and futile attempt to shame Venus by trapping her and her lover, Mars, in his finely wrought golden net; Peleus's pursuit of the sea nymph Thetis; Cephalus's ill-fated exercise of the double standard with his wife Procris; Picus punished for his fidelity by being turned into a bird by Circe; and Baucis and Philemon getting their wish by being transformed into two intertwining trees.

Avery Schreiber is most droll, particularly as Pygmalion muttering "It is *so real*" and as Vulcan angrily pantomiming the forging of whatever the script calls for. Paul Sand is outstanding, funny as an all-business Mercury who is mad for running, and later on terribly moving as the forlornly insistent Phaëthon. The actresses are pretty and suggest scantily clad allure in costumes that avoid all risk of an X rating for this pleasant and sophisticated evening.

If you are seeking X-rated theater, it is hard to imagine anything more profoundly improper than Leon Katz's *Dracula: Sabbat,* currently to be seen at the Theater for the New City (Westbeth) at 151 Bank Street. There, in a huge loft, a large dedicated cast explores without inhibition or sham civilized nineteenth-century England's self-protective struggle against fully expressed sexuality. This sexual demon that can invade and possess anyone is here symbolized by Count Dracula and his bloodsucking vampires.

At the beginning, some two dozen young actors and actresses step up onto the stage, quite simply remove their clothes, and replace them with tattered witches' costumes. Then, under Lawrence Kornfeld's imaginative and disciplined direction, they proceed to use mime, ritual, and a generous amount of nude improvisation to re-experience a sexual possession of them by their high priest, Dracula. Ultimately, when this lustful pagan zombie is destroyed, his followers are left saved from damnation but silently in mourning for the beauty of what has been removed from their lives.

The size of this production somewhat overwhelms *Dracula: Sabbat,* and one suspects it would be dramatically more effective if it were simpler and shorter. Yet, it is a pure and memorable theatrical achievement.

SARASOTA, FLA.

Asolo, the State Theater Company of Florida, is enjoying its most popular season here ever, with a repertoire of modern and classic revivals. The most successful of these is Garson Kanin's *Born Yesterday,* which so delighted the show's Broadway producer, Max Gordon, that he proclaimed the new production "a brilliant performance, in some respects better than the original." As directed by Howard J. Millman, the 1946 comedy does indeed emerge with surprising freshness. Sharon Spelman's portrayal of Billie Dawn is that of a completely self-indulgent woman, and her very practical emancipation from being the mistress of an uncouth and unattractive racketeer to marriage with a handsome and thoughtful journalist seems to be a logical rather than a romantic or idealistic development. William Leach plays the racketeer, Harry Brock, as a ruthless young punk who is merely getting away with everything manipulation of our legal and economic mechanisms will permit. In the last twenty-five years we have become much more apathetic about such manipulation and the corruption it causes. Happily, this production reminds us that the health of America is not a steady adherence to one morality but rather a continuing interreaction between individuals who won't be pushed past a certain point and those who will.

Also quite popular here is Shaw's *Candida.* Because this play seems somewhat dated in the age of Women's Lib, the company chooses to perform it broadly. Polly Holliday's quiet Candida contrasts amusingly with Walter Rhodes's outrageously ebullient Morell and with the wry clowning of Barbara Redmond as Prossie. All in all, it is a vigorously entertaining rendition.

Finally, there is Asolo's brave choice to include in its repertoire Peter Nichols's *Joe Egg.* Although this play is one of our best contemporary dramas, its humor about a quadriplegic child is forbidding to many, who feel that the stage should never treat a tragic situation comically. Nevertheless, under Jon Spelman's direction, *Joe Egg* is being given an excellent and sensitive performance by Patrick Egan and Kathleen O'Meara Noone. Moreover, it makes a nice balance with the rest of the schedule.

Because the limited capacity of the charming Asolo theater prevents the company from capitalizing on its success, and because Asolo has been unable to obtain subsidy from foundations or the government (except for a token grant of $10,000 from the impoverished Florida State Arts Council), it must pursue popularity to keep its deficit at $70,000 a year, which is about as much as the local citizens can raise. This keeps the company from developing into the subtle and refined ensemble it might become, for the intimacy of this playhouse is exquisite and with sympathetic direction could engender a quality of performance only hinted at under the present circumstances.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Backward, Turn Backward

LIKE THE BROADWAY stage, our movies currently seem bent upon cashing in on the nostalgic value of America's not so distant past, as if to fly from present incertitudes back to a time when the world seemed a brighter, more hopeful place in which to live. One of the several virtues of Hal Wallis's new production, *Red Sky at Morning*, is that it makes no attempt to exploit the nostalgic glow that now surrounds the early Forties. The Andrews Sisters sing their songs on properly scratchy phonograph records, the vintage cars lumber across the screen, and the correct movie titles, such as *Sergeant York*, are cited. But none of these are there for their own sake; they merely corroborate the period while the film probes and explores its attitudes.

When the war came to America, *Red Sky* reminds us, there was an almost romantic optimism in the land. World War II was more than a war to save democracy. It took on the colorations of a crusade to liberate Europe, to crush fascism, to destroy dictatorships. Young men and old eagerly volunteered for the cause, and even the enlisted man was imbued with a sense of what he was fighting for. Food and gas rationing, while not precisely welcome, enabled those on the home front to feel that they also were participating in the battles abroad. In this entire century, the morale of the country was probably never higher.

This is the context of the film, based on a first novel by Richard Bradford, but its focus is the coming of age of the wartime generation. Josh Arnold's father has enlisted in the Navy, after moving his family from Mobile to a small border town in New Mexico. There young Josh is forced to undergo a number of tests, the tests of adolescence passing into manhood. He is tested by his new school chums, by a vicious Mexican who hates all Anglos, and by his mother's inability to adjust to her enforced isolation and, ultimately, to the fact of his father's death. Out of all of this comes the boy's resolution to join the Navy himself, not to avenge his father's death but to carry on his father's tradition.

It is a special tribute to the director, James Goldstone, and to the writer, Marguerite Roberts, that this decision is made to appear neither jingoistic nor maudlin. Throughout the film, which is rich in detail, there is a sense of life going on, of life triumphing over death. And today, when enlistment in the armed forces is understandably minimal, the rightness of Josh's action subtly underscores the differences between not only two wars but two generations. The point emerges even more clearly if one recalls that the sons of Josh's generation are the young men now fighting in Vietnam.

There are moments in *Red Sky at Morning* that appear awkward or wrong—a foolhardy (or at least undermotivated) attack by Josh on a crowd of Mexican-Americans; a sentimentalized interlude with a sculptor who reverently carves a head of Josh's dead father next to bas-reliefs of Jefferson, Franklin, and the two Roosevelts; the use of vulgarisms and unnecessarily explicit dialogue for youthful sexual exploits. On the other hand, Goldstone has obtained a trio of superb performances from the young people who head his cast, Richard Thomas, Catherine Burns, and Desi Arnaz, Jr.; and he has backed these with equally effective work from such veterans as Richard Crenna, Claire Bloom, and Nehemiah Persoff. But more than that is his skillful, prideful evocation of a particularly meaningful moment in our past, a moment when this entire nation—like Josh—was coming of age.

Another period in our past, the Twenties, is affectionately evoked in the feature-length cartoon *Shinbone Alley*. This world, almost forgotten, was created by Don Marquis and first visualized by cartoonist George Herriman of *Krazy Kat* fame. Marquis, for the generation that came too late to know, was the poet who invented those modern star-crossed lovers, Archy the cockroach and Mehitabel the alley cat with "a dance in the old dame yet." Archy, so Marquis's fancy went, would type out his love poems by diving onto the keys of "the boss's" typewriter. Highly imaginative, beautifully stylized animation—some of it gratefully patterned after Herriman—by John D. Wilson's Fine Arts Films recaptures their long lost world, and the purry, furry, yowling voice of Carol Channing proves the perfect choice for Mehitabel. Regrettably, the songs she sings, as well as those sung by Eddie Bracken as Archy, are set to George Kleinsinger's rather arty, pseudo-operatic score, rather than to the tuneful, rhythmic, highly syncopated musical style of the Twenties, a style that might have given this otherwise admirable labor of love the jaunty stride that it lacks.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Solti Reveals "Rheingold"; Boulez Recalls Stravinsky

GEORG SOLTI, a dozen talented vocalists, and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra made the season's final appearance of the Midwesterners in Carnegie Hall something to remember with a concert version of Wagner's *Das Rheingold,* uncluttered by scenery, costumes, or lighting. To go on record as approving an "uncluttered" *Rheingold* may be akin to accepting a black and white sunset as a substitute for the real thing, but the authentic Technicolor of *Das Rheingold* is in the scoring. It is seldom heard in the full bloom, dazzle, and hues that Solti and his associates made of it.

"Talented" is only the first of the words applicable to the group of artists Solti had brought together for his Wagnerian purpose. Among them were at least four who could not be surpassed anywhere for the roles in which they were cast: Gerhard Stolze, a Loge who can look mean in horn-rimmed glasses and white tie (no tails, however); Hans Sotin, probably the most promising black bass voice since Gottlob Frick, as Fafner, and Martti Talvela, the Finnish virtuoso, as his brother giant Fasolt; Rolf Kuhne, an Alberich of remarkable credibility; and, pressing hard upon them, David Ward as Wotan. All except Ward have voices of outstanding quality to match their dramatic deliveries. His, slightly dry and underresonant, is nevertheless the instrument of an artistic intelligence that almost makes Wotan's spear visible in his hand.

There was much, also, to admire in the work of the women participants. Mignon Dunn has grown greatly in stylistic understanding and declamatory power in recent years, and she sang much of Fricka's music beautifully; the trio of Rhinemaidens was as good as any heard in decades, the voices of Karen Altman, Huguette Tourangeau, and Helen Watts making an especially prismatic blend in their supplicating "*Rheingold!*" during the "Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla." In the interests of economy, no doubt, two were required to double in other roles, of whom Miss Altman was an outstanding success as Freia, and Miss Watts a little undersized, vocally, for the best kind of Erda. In the smaller roles, there was nothing but virtue in the efforts of Thomas Paul as Donner, John Lanigan as Mime, and especially Kenneth Riegel, a young redheaded tenor who looked, as well as sounded, like the god Froh should.

In the aggregate, however, the real virtuosi of the occasion were Solti and the numerous members of the orchestra, whose beautifully articulate, masterfully colorful and vibrant performance made the intermissionless two hours and twenty minutes an uninterrupted pleasure. Of all the *Ring* segments, *Rheingold* is the least frequently performed in the opera house, because of its special problems of staging and casting. It is, however, the most original and absorbing of all, for in it Wagner broke away from all the formulas and precedents represented —in their highest form—in his best previous work (*Lohengrin*) and also broke into the high ground from which his later ascensions were made. Solti rendered New York music lovers a real service, not only for the enterprise represented in what he did but for the artistry embodied in how it was done.

The New York Philharmonic's "In Memoriam—Igor Stravinsky" was unique, something that could not have happened elsewhere exactly as it happened in Philharmonic Hall, for in addition to being all-Stravinsky—as might have occurred anywhere else—it was all-Boulez, which could not have happened except where it did. It was Boulez in its conception, Boulez in its formulation, and, of course, Boulez in its execution, not only for its singular virtues but also its no less pronounced limitations.

The central arch of the three-part structure was the terse, severe, and yet meltingly beautiful *Requiem Canticles,* which Stravinsky created in 1965-66 with the knowledge that it would almost certainly serve as a requiem for himself, as it did indeed in Venice on April 15. Much is made of the fact that in it Stravinsky utilized his own version of Schoenberg's serial technics. Much more should be made of its truly important element—Stravinsky's fantastic command of musical means, the vastness of the art compressed into a section of the Mass lasting two minutes. As an instance, the minuscule "Tuba Mirum" compounds within its measures all the treatments from Mozart to Verdi, while adding Stravinsky to that noble company. It was beautifully performed, with Elaine Bonazzi and Raymond Michalski as the vocal soloists, and a double octet from Abraham Kaplan's Camerata Singers.

To make a nearly conventional program of the "In Memoriam," Boulez prefaced the *Requiem Canticles* with the previously scheduled *Pulcinella* ballet score, all forty-five minutes of it, and devoted the post-intermission period to the full *Petrushka* score (1911, or original, version). It was part of Boulez's intellectual frame to mark the "neo-classic" epoch of the Twenties that was ushered in by the *Pulcinella* score, but it could, in my view, have been done more effectively with the much briefer suite that Stravinsky derived from the total score. Michalski was joined as vocalist by Benita Valente and Kenneth Riegel. As for *Petrushka,* that was another thing altogether: a glorious retrospect of the moment when the full force of Stravinsky's genius burst on the world, magnificently re-created under the Boulez baton. Nothing in this evening was really emotionally stirring, for it is not Boulez's bent to work that way. But, in its cool, objective way, it was an elegy both searching and heartfelt.

As his part of the Carnegie Hall "Art of the Lied" series, the young British-born baritone John Shirley-Quirk sang a full program of English songs to a somewhat less than half-full auditorium. Cause and result? Very possibly, for Shirley-Quirk is not yet as famous as he is able, and the sequence of Purcell, Vaughan Williams, and Britten could hardly be termed magnetic.

Indeed, it could hardly be called engrossing, even for those disposed to meet the artist halfway. This was, in part, a consequence of his own limited experience as a recitalist, at least in New York. In his opening sextet of Purcell songs—three secular, three sacred—Shirley-Quirk was clearly fighting the yawning space before him, including its empty seats. The sound in such matters as "Man is for the Woman made" and "Let the dreadful engines of eternal will" was too often pushed and lacking in vibrance to carry properly.

He was more the assured interpreter, less the harried singer, in the subsequent nine-part sequence by Vaughan Williams titled *Songs of Travel.* This could be described as a kind of Norfolk *Winterreise,* ranging in content from "The Vagabond" to "Youth and Love" and "I have trod the upward and downward slope." Shirley-Quirk sang "Let Beauty Awake" beautifully and "The Roadside Fire" with a good deal of intensity, but the material, as a whole, was all too intimate for the spacious hall. Benjamin Britten's eloquent *Songs and Proverbs of William Blake* concluded the recital, for which the pianist was the expert Martin Isepp.

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Saturday Review
May 15, 1971

NEW BUSINESS ON THE URBAN FRONTIER COMMUNITIES

A SPECIAL ISSUE

by MYRON LIEBERMAN

New communities—large-scale developments planned to provide housing, employment, and a system of integrated facilities and services within self-contained environments—spring from an old idea. For decades new cities have been proposed and built both here and abroad (Brasilia, Canberra, Australia, and Washington, D.C., are examples). Nevertheless, there is a great difference between a new city built to serve a single purpose, such as a national capital, and new communities that are developed as a response to urban pressures. The latter concept is one of the authentic revolutionary ideas of our time.

The practical foundation of this revolution is the fact that our urban difficulties require a more intensified, coordinated attack than is embodied in our present policies. For example, we will never be able to utilize the technology of mass construction in housing if the field continues to be dominated by scores of small builders, each one responsible for a few units a year. Erecting thousands of housing units within a relatively compact area leads to chaos when construction is not integrated with industry, education, transportation, health services, and other life-support systems. Such coordination is part of the logic of new-community development.

The issue here is not simply one of providing much larger amounts of money for existing programs. Billions spent in fragmented approaches will not get the job done. Failure to understand this fact is one of the crucial reasons for the failure of urban renewal, Model Cities, and other dry wells of liberalism. These programs lack the scale essential to significant change. One cannot integrate a few blocks in a large city ghetto, but one can integrate a much larger area, and a much larger community, by exercising appropriate controls over the area. Thus the magnitude of the effort cannot be put simply in terms of dollars but in relation to the variables that must be included in a viable plan for urban development.

Realistic confrontation with the problem of scale is, therefore, one of the significant elements of the new-community movement. No greater mistake can be made than to think of new communities as merely large residential complexes, perhaps with a shopping center and a school. Such developments may be labeled "new communities" by their sponsors, but they are not planned complexes that include and relate all life-support systems.

Significantly, the concept of new-community development as a systematic response to our urban needs and as an integral part of national policy has emerged largely from the business community. Title VII of the Housing and Urban Development Act of 1970, which provides substantial assistance to new-community developers, is clearly one of the landmark pieces of legislation on urban affairs in this generation. Businessmen already are putting their own money into new communities, and the trend is extremely encouraging. If such investments are profitable, or can be made so without excessive public subsidy, enormous leverage for new-community development will become available. In fact, the growing pressure for profitable investment opportunities in environmentally constructive enterprises is likely to bring about an enormous upsurge of entrepreneurial interest in new communities. As it is, David Rockefeller's recent proposal for $10-billion to fund new-community development suggests the financial dimensions this movement may assume in the near future.

There is a danger, however. For better or worse, the social consequences of new communities lie in the hands of their sponsors. On the one hand, entrepreneurs and courageous business leaders intend to foster unity among an extremely broad socio-economic and ethnic population mix. On the other hand, less socially minded developers are constructing new communities for only the affluent or for some other limited segment of the population. Their private success may well turn out to be a public disaster.

We can still act to encourage new-community development toward socially acceptable goals, but the time is short. If we wait until many more new communities are built, or even planned, it could be too late to capitalize on their potential and to avoid their dangers. The editors feel that informed public opinion is vital. It is for this reason that *SR* presents this special issue, in which four experts focus on several important aspects of new-community development.

MYRON LIEBERMAN, guest editor of this special section, is professor of education at City University of New York and chairman of the National Conference on Education in New Communities.

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Cumbernault, Scotland—"dedicated to keeping cars entirely out of the way of people."

NEW COMMUNITIES—I

A Fresh Scene in the Clean Dream

by WOLF VON ECKARDT

Columbia, Maryland, the most advanced of our new communities, is advertised as "the Next America." At first it does not look much different from today's suburbia, only somewhat more sanitized. There is none of the excitement of Cumbernault, the new town near Glasgow, or of the modern charm of Finland's Tapiola or even of Lake Anne Plaza in Reston, Virginia, America's other well-known new town. It is far from the utopian megastructures Paolo Soleri and other architectural visionaries are dreaming of. Columbia only hints at the promise of the growing new-town movement. But at least it points the way.

New towns supposedly will help people leave the slums and ghettos, allowing us to rebuild the rotting inner city and to put workers and jobs together again in real communities that give citizens a sense of belonging. But how do the inhabitants feel about living in these laboratories? Clearly, most of the roughly 13,000 people living in Columbia, located in Howard County between Baltimore and Washington, D.C., or of the 12,000 who live in Reston, seem to be aware that they are participating in an experiment. They also seem anxious for it to succeed. A majority of Columbia residents (51 per cent in 1969, according to a University of Michigan study, but there must be more, now that the town is better known) were attracted by the idea of a fresh start—"the Clean Dream," as an Antioch College professor has called it. They are eager to pioneer. But some people (21 per cent, say the Michigan pollsters) moved to Columbia because it was close to their work. It is not surprising, therefore, to encounter Columbians who are not quite sure what a new town is or stands for. Like many suburbanites everywhere, they complain about the new buildings going up around them, particularly the low-rent housing (9 per cent, say the pollsters, expressed disappointment with the plans and programs of the developer).

It is risky to try to assess life in this four-year-old town. Columbia is only one example of one kind of new community. Like Reston, Jonathan in Minnesota, and other American new towns, it is essentially a "garden city" of the sort invented in England at the start of this century. It's also an essentially private development whose backers are out to prove that if you plan comprehensively and put everything together—housing, industry, recreation, and shopping—you can create a good living environment as profitably as a dull, one-class, one-color, dormitory subdivision. Columbia is being developed by James R. Rouse, and to judge from the price of Rouse Company stock, the theory seems valid. Planned for 110,000 people, the town is to be completed ten years from now.

The first thing one sees when arriving there via U.S. 29, which bisects the town's 14,000 acres, or twenty-one square miles, is one of the city's man-made lakes with small sailboats, ducks,

WOLF VON ECKARDT is architecture critic of *The Washington Post*.

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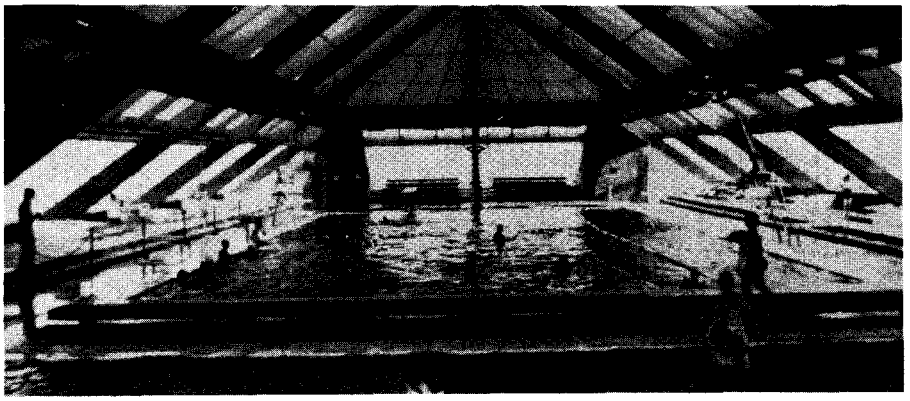

The Bryant Woods Elementary School in Columbia, Maryland, is designed to accommodate several kinds of learning activity at the same time.

and boys with fishing tackle. Beyond the lake are the first large business buildings that herald Columbia's "downtown." A huge shopping center with a covered mall, which is to serve not just the city but the region around it, is under construction and is scheduled to open this fall. There is also to be an amusement park—Ferris wheels and all. Columbia, says one of its advertisements, is to be the kind of place "where you can get a pastrami on rye at 4 o'clock in the morning."

That doesn't seem very convincing as one drives along the new city's wide and winding blacktop roads lined with a variety of subdivision homes, clusters of townhouses, and occasional, bulky apartment buildings. Like most other new towns, however, this leisurely, neat, and verdant sprawl has been organized into neighborhoods, each with its elementary school, neighborhood center, swimming pool, other outdoor recreation facilities, and a "convenience store," as it is called, where you can get essential groceries, though not at 4 o'clock in the morning.

Three or four neighborhoods form a "village." The village center includes a middle school, a meeting hall, a variety of shops and stores clustered around a very sociable little plaza with benches, statuary, and a fountain. All this is connected by walkways that never come in contact with the highways, so kids can walk or bicycle to school and people can shop without using their cars. Nevertheless, Columbia's first completed village center, Lake Wilde, has a drive-in bank, and its parking lot is usually full.

Lake Wilde is Columbia's showcase. It has a covered, year-round swimming pool, a good bookstore where a lot of teen-agers hang out and listen to records, one of the best butcher stores in Maryland, and an "Interfaith Center," where Catholics, Jews, and Protestants hold religious services and seminars and which operates a "cooperative ministry." There is also a community center, called Slayton House, which hosts such activities as informal coffee discussions with local politicians, "slimnastic" courses, movies, and amateur theater productions.

Slayton House is also the scene of heated "confrontations" between the Columbia Association and residents who demand to know what they are getting for their dues. The association, with its sizable staff, takes care of the landscaping and other amenities and initiates and runs Columbia's social and recreational programs, while the schools and police and fire protection remain the responsibility of Howard County. The Columbia Association's board of directors is dominated by the developer to make sure the residents do not suddenly change his plans. This precaution is taken—and often much resented by the citizens—in all new towns, even the government-sponsored British communities that eventually become true municipalities with an elected mayor and council. "If citizens were totally involved," said city planner David Godschalk in a recent conference on new-town management, "Columbia, for instance, would probably end up all low-density."

In Columbia, nevertheless, Rouse has promised to relinquish his parental control as the city grows up—and it is growing fast. Two of the seven planned villages have been completed, and a third is nearing completion. Columbia already has a community college and a branch of Antioch. It has a health clinic that is part of an innovative, prepaid family health plan, worked out and operated by Johns Hopkins University. Ground has been broken for a 180-bed hospital. There are a golf course and riding stables.

The regular run of Columbia's minibuses, which was part of the plan, has been abolished, however. There was not enough demand. Since early this year, the mini-buses provide only rush-hour service from the villages' centers to "downtown," where they link up with commuter buses to Washington and Baltimore, or to Columbia's industrial park.

So far only 15 per cent of Columbia's residents also work in Columbia. In Tapiola, Finland, the figure is about 40 per cent. In most British new towns, industrial jobs now outnumber workers available, though the goal had been to match employment capacity to local population. Therefore, many workers now commute to the new towns. This will happen in Columbia, too, if Rouse reaches his goal of providing 50,000 jobs for a town of 110,000 residents. He probably will. Columbia's two industrial parks are growing even faster than the town itself.

Critics charge that new towns cater to the middle-class dream. They forget that the black and the poor share this ideal. Ghetto dwellers also prefer to see ducks rather than rats when they look out the window. If "Soul City," the new town by and for blacks, ever gets built, it will not look much different from Columbia.

An estimated 15 to 18 per cent of Columbia's population is black. In Reston, the percentage is probably a little lower because some blacks do not relish the thought of moving to Virginia. There are also a few people with below-average incomes in both towns, and there would be a greater number if the federal government had acted more expeditiously on applications for housing subsidies. So far it has given little more than lip service to the idea of socially and economically balanced new communities.

Columbia has just completed the last of 300 subsidized housing units for people of moderate income. Rents range from $99 for a one-bedroom apartment to $151.50 for a four-bedroom townhouse. To avoid being tagged low-income ghettos, these units have been built on five different sites. The houses are as handsomely designed as any in Columbia, and I, for one, could not tell them from the rest. They are sponsored by the Columbia Interfaith Housing Corporation, which grew out of the cooperative ministry.

Reston has put its 198 moderate-income families together into one apartment house complex called Cedar Ridge, which teems with some 700 children. Ten of the Cedar Ridge apartments are rented to families on welfare, but their identities are not known to the others. None of these people have come from the Washington or Baltimore ghettos. Nor are all of them black. They are young teachers, factory workers, and store clerks, many of whom work in the new town and all of whom had lived in the surrounding rural county.

Neither Rouse nor the Gulf Oil Corporation, Reston's owner, claims that

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their privately built new towns could or would attempt to house substantial numbers of inner-city poor. Columbia and Reston aim only to make sure that everyone who works in these towns will be able to live there, and they realize, as an Interfaith Housing official put it, that "industry usually has more janitors than presidents." Furthermore, there is a sincere will to build economically and socially inclusive rather than exclusive communities. "If Columbia is to be an experiment in building for the Next America," the Interfaith official said, "then it must be workable for all Americans."

So far the new towns seem to be more workable than suburbia for a good many Americans. The people who moved into these communities because they saw in them a new urban frontier are proud of their racial and economic mix. In Reston, a vocal group of early settlers has banded together in a group called Black Focus and keeps urging the developer to make greater efforts to open the town to black people, to show black faces in their promotion pictures, and to hire black salesmen. And these urgings have had some effect. In Columbia, liberals keep saying, residents who probably voted for George Wallace (he got a considerable vote in all of Maryland) live contentedly on the same street with blacks and members of various ethnic groups who were attracted by Columbia's promise of racial and ethnic harmony. This pioneering spirit seems to be contagious. The Michigan University poll found that 56 per cent of the respondents wanted people of different racial backgrounds in the neighborhoods.

But how meaningful is this? The majority of these black neighbors are highly educated members of the middle class, and some of them have complaints. For instance, June Caldwell, a black psychologist who moved to Columbia from Baltimore, told Washington *Post* reporter Michael Kernan: "I don't know. Columbia seemed like a good idea, but I don't know. I think it all still has that concept of property values. All the American prejudices about low-rent housing are being preserved intact here. If something is stolen, everyone looks at the Interfaith [low-income housing] kids."

The new towns, in short, are by no means free of the stress and distress of our society. In the new towns, too, most people fear change and the depreciation of their property and surroundings. But despite Mrs. Caldwell's doubts, I would say there is somewhat less fear of change in a new town because the change is planned. One knows what will happen. There is order. Columbia and Reston tend to substantiate the contention frequently made by sociologists that most whites of all income groups do not object to racial integration as long as they are sure that the white group remains in the majority. That is surely "racist" of them. But there is hope that planned communities can help overcome this racism by—homeopathically, as it were—taking this prejudice into account.

Columbia—"organized into neighborhoods, each with its elementary school, swimming pool, and outdoor recreation."

A new town, better than an impersonal city or suburb, is able to work things out in a spirit of community. Unruly youngsters are a current problem in both Columbia and Reston, as they are almost everywhere else. In Reston last summer, the lovely Lake Anne Plaza was badly vandalized one night. Some blamed "a bunch of Georgetown freaks," though there is little doubt that young Restonians were among them. Meetings and soul-searching among concerned citizens still continue. In Columbia, the teen centers—one called the Orange Propeller; the other, the cooperative ministry's coffee house, named It's Open—have been invaded by youngsters from outside the new city who have no place else to go. There also has been trouble with drugs, and that, too, has sparked not so much acrimony as earnest discussion, a spirit of care.

In one of these meetings a while ago, a woman spoke up and told Rouse rather emotionally that he must consider the reputation of his town and throw the freaks out. Applause. Rouse said he sympathized. But he also said he hoped the lady did not mean to suggest that the problem be swept under the rug. There must be a more creative answer. The hippies, he added, "may be saying something that we should hear." He got far more applause than the woman.

According to the Columbia Association, Columbia residents are from forty-three states and fourteen countries, all kinds of people with all kinds of views. Most residents found what they expected to find, according to the Michigan study. About 25 per cent said things were better than they had anticipated; 9 per cent said they were worse. So it would appear that America's most advanced new town has gotten off to a good start—though it still does not attract the poor and the rich, it is creating a new kind of living environment. There are no statistical data yet that would satisfy the sociologists as to how "effective" this environment is in terms of reduced crime or improved educational achievement or whatever. We do know that it gives people another choice of a way to live.

The few new towns in America, however, are just a beginning. In Great Britain, where the movement originated, the new-community builders have gone on from garden cities, like Columbia, to a second and third generation of new towns that are to the first as a jet plane and superjet are to a propeller aircraft. An example of the second generation is Cumbernault, begun in the late 1950s. It is compact and hard with granite cobblestones, is dedicated to keeping cars entirely out of the way of people, and all but does away with neighborhoods and neighborhood centers. Instead, Cumbernault's communal life is focused on one big, bustling town center—a weird, complex megastructure with shops, apartments, meeting halls, neon lights, and fish 'n' chips smell—that straddles a superhighway. No bourgeois coziness here.

The third generation of British new towns is still in the planning stage. The towns are to be larger—a quarter-million inhabitants or more—but they also return to lower densities, separate neighborhoods, and green and pleasant openness. This is to be brought about by a rapid-transit system that is built into the town much as elevators are built into a high-rise building.

The hope is that they will be cities, as Lewis Mumford once put it, that "forget about the damn motorcars" and that are planned, "on the human scale for lovers and for friends."

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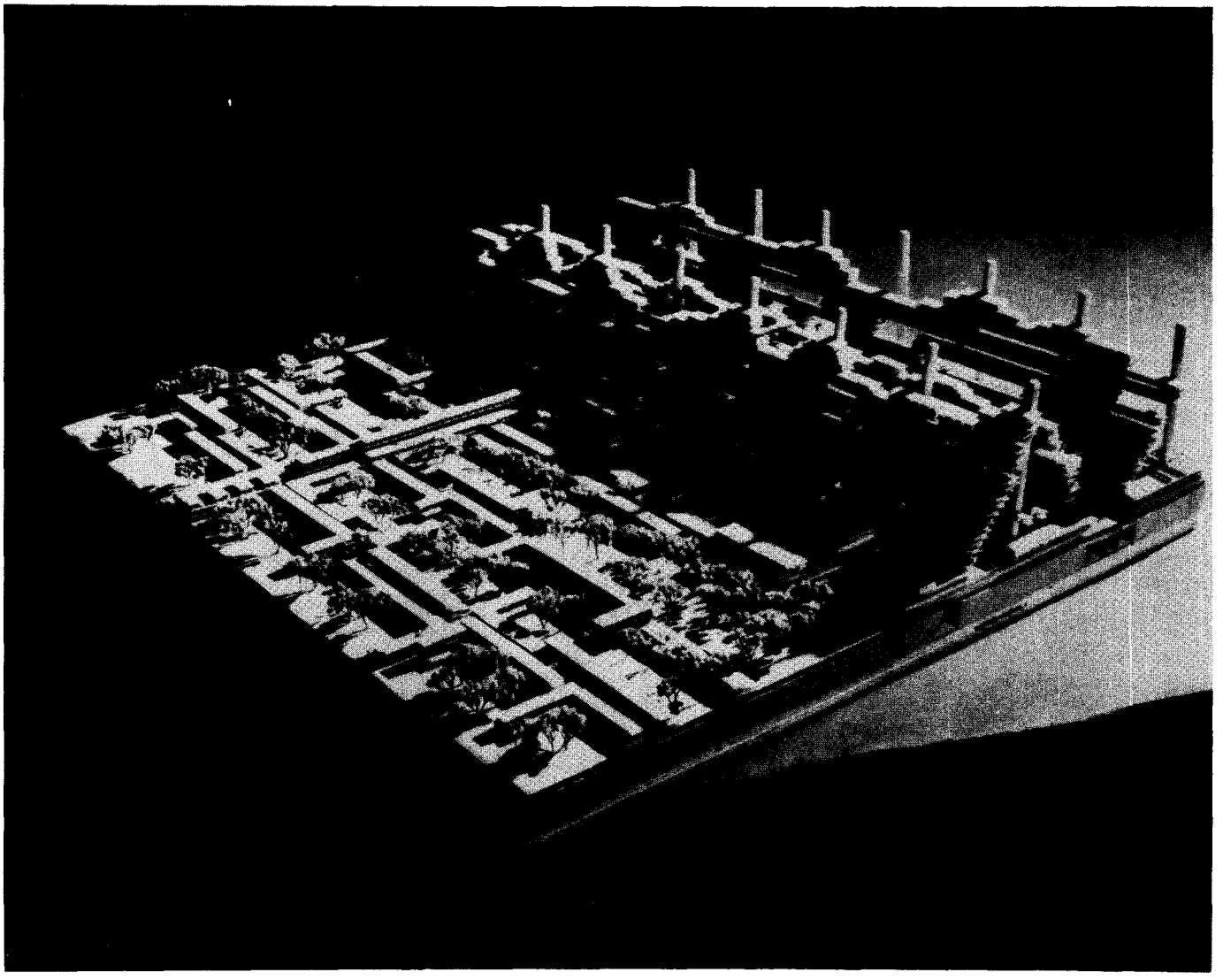

The Minnesota Experimental City—"careful positioning of many land uses under a single plan."

Private Investment and the Public Weal

by ANTHONY DOWNS

Although many regard new cities as an exciting way to escape the persistent ills of urban life, few new-community advocates have confronted certain unromantic but vital questions about economic feasibility. Will new cities pay for themselves, or must they be subsidized? If subsidies are required, who will pay for them, and who will reap the benefits? Would building new cities really help solve existing urban problems? Or would it merely divert leadership and other scarce resources from decaying older urban areas to glorified, high-income suburbs?

Before examining these questions, some definitions are required. In order to be considered a new city, a community must 1) be initially developed under a single comprehensive plan; 2) contain multiple land uses—at least single-family and multi-family residential, commercial, office space, and recreational; and 3) be planned for a certain minimum population. I believe 15,000 people is a reasonable estimate for the smaller cities and 50,000 for the larger.

Several fundamentally different types of new cities must be distinguished on the basis of their geographic relation to existing settlements and size. Geographically, a new city can be *in-city* (within a heavily built-up area—such as the Welfare Island project in New York City), *peripheral* (on the edge of an existing metropolitan area, such as Foster City near San Francisco), *satellite* (outside of but within commuting distance of a metropolitan center, such as Columbia between Washington and Baltimore), or *autonomous* (beyond commuting range of any existing metropolitan area, such as Lake Havasu City in Arizona). For convenience I will use only two size categories. A *full city* contains a very broad spectrum of land uses, including industrial, and should provide nearly as many jobs within its boundaries as there are workers living there. A

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mini-city contains a much narrower spectrum of land uses, perhaps not including industrial, and relies mainly on surrounding communities to provide its residents with both jobs and key urban services and amenities.

From a strictly economic viewpoint, creating any new city is a special form of land development. The basic principle underlying all land development is to buy land cheaply, enhance its desirability, and sell it more expensively. The profit produced depends upon 1) the spread between the buying and selling prices, 2) the costs incurred enhancing the land's desirability, and 3) the time required to complete the whole process.

The price spread is increased by making the buying prices as low and the selling prices as high as possible. Land prices generally decline with distance from already settled areas; so there is a strong pressure on developers of new cities to build satellite or autonomous projects. This pressure is especially powerful if they seek to create full cities, which require immense tracts of vacant land (6,000 acres or more). On the other hand, selling (or leasing) prices are maximized by the highest-density uses, which are usually found near the centers of large cities. In all new (and existing) cities, the highest land prices are generated by high-rise office buildings, shopping centers, and high-rise apartments, and the lowest by single-family home sites. That is why many new-city developers rapidly sell single-family home sites to housing developers, but retain major commercial, retail, industrial, and high-rise apartment locations. High land values and rents generated by such sites have been the economic salvation of British new cities.

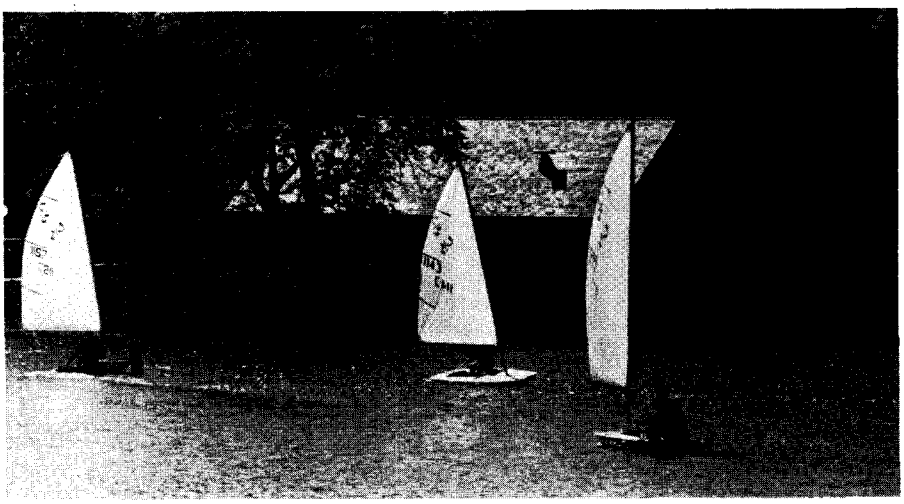
A crucial economic aspect of new cities is their attempt to internalize the economic "spillovers" that occur in all land development. Whenever someone builds a major regional shopping center or other commercial project, the value of all the land around it rises. If the shopping center developer does not own that nearby land, someone else captures the "spillover effects" of his investment. But a new-city developer initially controls enough land to capture almost all such spillovers within the community's boundaries. Furthermore, he deliberately plans all parts of the new city so their spillovers reinforce each other. This stimulates land values to rise even faster. For example, he designs local streets to maximize the convenience of his shopping center and then uses that convenience to convince both residents and retailers to move in. This ability to internalize and set up an "economic reverberation" among spillovers provides the greatest relative advantage of new-city development over traditional subdivision development. But this ability requires both a huge site and an excellent comprehensive plan, which add to development costs.

A new city's comprehensive plan offers environmental and esthetic qualities lacking in typical competitive subdivisions. Therefore, a well-planned new city is able to both offset its more distant location and speed up the process of marketing its land. Traditional land developers enhance land values by installing mains and sewers, creating streets and lakes, providing open space, donating school sites, building structures, or some combination of these. But new-city developers seek to create a completely new, almost self-contained environment through the careful positioning of many land uses under a single plan. In this respect, they are catering to a rising desire among Americans to purchase an entire environment along with their home. Thus, creation of an esthetically, socially, and environmentally attractive comprehensive plan is critical to any new city's success.

The most critical factor of all, however, is speed of development. New cities require huge "front-end" investments of cash to acquire big sites and to install enough facilities and improvements before anyone moves in to convince potential residents that they will actually receive the wonderful environment promised by the developer. If the developer has borrowed this money, it costs him staggering interest payments daily. (In the early stages of building Columbia, the Rouse Company was paying $5,000-a-day interest on money borrowed to buy the land, even before there was any real assurance that a new city could or would be built on it.) Tying up the developer's cash means sacrificing interest it could be earning elsewhere. Therefore, economic success requires speeding up development to shorten the period before sizable revenues start to flow back to the investors. Even if a new city eventually becomes completely occupied and a great human success, it can be an economic disaster for its developers if too much time elapses from start to finish. Locating as close as possible to an existing metropolitan area speeds up development by exposing the new city to a bigger potential market. But this drives up the initial purchase price of the land. Furthermore, creating an entire new city is an extremely complex process, involving three sources of delay not connected with traditional development: assembly of the entire site; development of a good comprehensive plan; and completion of intricate negotiations with a whole set of governmental bodies. These actions provide innumerable occasions for unforeseen delays.

Even in principle, therefore, creating new cities is an extraordinarily risky form of private investment—probably the riskiest of all. That is why the single most important ingredient in any new city is the principal developer himself. Only individuals with a rare combination of vision, persuasiveness, energy, financial acumen, inventiveness, promotional flair, and endless persistence have much chance of seeing a new-city investment through to profitable fruition. In light of these demanding conditions, who have tried to create new cities and how successful have they been? Our catalogue includes the following types of developers:

• *Central governments* have created many new cities as a means of opening up underdeveloped areas, counteracting excessive urban centralization, or achieving other national objectives. Economic feasibility has been neither



Grace Lake in Jonathan, Minnesota—"an esthetically, socially, and environmentally attractive comprehensive plan is critical to success."

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an objective for nor a constraint on such attempts, which include Washington, D.C., Canberra, Brasilia, Oak Ridge, Ciudad Guayana in Venezuela, and Chandrigar in India.

• *Public corporations* have been created expressly to develop new cities in most nations that have adopted explicit new-city policies, such as Great Britain, France, and Sweden. These corporations have pursued economic feasibility, and in some cases have produced discounted rates of return on investment of around 8 per cent. Although this is satisfactory for a public body, it would be unacceptably low for private capital.

• *Owners of large land parcels* have sometimes chosen to create new cities rather than to sell or develop their land piecemeal. Such developers have the tremendous advantage of not having to assemble or make a huge cash investment in a big site. Examples are most common in California, where remnants of Spanish land grants provided the basis for the giant Irvine project. The development of Miami Lakes (with a projected population of 50,000 residents), about ten miles northeast of Miami, by the Graham family is another illustration. Computing the initial land value is extremely difficult in such cases; hence no one really knows what rate of return on investment these new cities have produced.

• *Developers who create sites through land-fills or clearance and drainage of swamps* also minimize land-assembly and initial-cost obstacles. Examples are Redwood Shore (municipally owned) and Foster City in the San Francisco Bay area, and many new communities in Florida.

• *Combinations of individual entrepreneurs in partnership with large lenders or corporate investors*—with the former supplying the ideas, skill, and energy, and the latter putting up most of the money—have produced apparent successes in Columbia, Maryland, and Rancho California, but initial financial failures in Reston, Virginia, and Clear Lake City, Texas (both of which have now been reorganized).

This list includes most new-city developers. It strongly implies that creating new cities is a task suitable only to very large organizations—whether public or private—possessing lots of cash and staying power. Most other new-city developers have enjoyed some hard-to-duplicate initial advantages, such as inheritance of a giant estate. Individual entrepreneurs operating on their own are notably scarce in this business. The few who try it have usually become partners with some source of big money, instead of following the mortgage route typical of other developments, in order to meet the large front-end cash requirement.

The size of this requirement is illustrated in part by land acquisition costs of $25-million at Columbia (an average of $1,700 per acre), $13.2-million at Reston ($1,780 per acre), $32-million at Westlake Village, California ($2,700 per acre), and $40-million at Park Forest South, Illinois ($5,000 per acre). Moreover, costs of infrastructure and buildings are much greater. In our recent preliminary analysis of a new community of 75,000 persons proposed for a suburban location near Detroit, we estimated total capital outlay requirements (public and private) would be $663-million over a twenty-year period (in constant dollars)—of which only $7.2-million (1.1 per cent) would be for land acquisition.

Another strong implication of this analysis is that mini-cities are far more likely to prove feasible for private investors than full cities. Mini-cities require smaller initial cash outlays for land and improvements, can be located closer to existing markets, need less complex plans and negotiations with governmental bodies, and take less time to carry out. Yet they can still be large enough (say, from 800 to 3,000 acres) to allow internalization of the most significant economic spill-overs and creation of an unusually attractive environment through comprehensive planning. Chicago's privately owned Urban Investment and Development Company has proposed a series of suburban mini-cities, each to be built around a major regional shopping center—the key tenants of which are partners in the venture. Several of the projects proposed by New York's publicly owned Urban Development Corporation are new mini-cities either within or on the edges of existing metropolitan areas.

The 1970 Urban Growth and New Community Development Act seeks to help both public and private new-city developers overcome some key obstacles. The most important forms of assistance it provides are:

• Federal guarantees backing debt obligations issued by developers to pay for acquiring land, conducting initial development, and installing utilities. Such guarantees can be made up to $50-million for any one project for 100 per cent of these costs for public developers and about 85 per cent for private developers.

• Federal loans to cover the interest payments on money borrowed by developers for financing the specific front-end costs mentioned above, even when no federally guaranteed obligations are involved. No repayments on these federal loans need be made during the first few years of the project.

• Public service grants to local government bodies to help them pay for essential public services required in a new city before it has an adequate tax base.

• Planning grants to pay up to two-thirds of all planning costs for public developers, or two-thirds of special costs for private developers in excess of normal planning and feasibility studies.

• Special supplements added on to thirteen existing federal programs (such as sewer and water aid) when they are used in approved new cities.

In theory, these programs could provide major reductions in the front-end cash requirements of both public and private developers. But Congress has not yet appropriated funds for most of these programs, and budget restraints may hold down the amounts the Department of Housing and Urban Development has requested. HUD has already received hundreds of inquiries about such assistance, but past experience proves that genuinely worthwhile applications amount to only a small fraction of initial inquiries.

These funds would not help new-city developers pay for initial planning costs. Nor do they help either public or private developers assemble large sites, pay for housing and other structures, or market their products. Furthermore, using federal aid poses three added problems for new-city developers: more red tape; required inclusion of new low- and moderate-income housing (which is desirable socially but is a potential drain on profitability); and the need to tie up the site through purchase or options before applying for federal aid, without knowing whether funds will be provided. Consequently, I believe there are still formidable financial obstacles to the successful development of new cities, especially by private enterprise.

(*Continued on page* 56)

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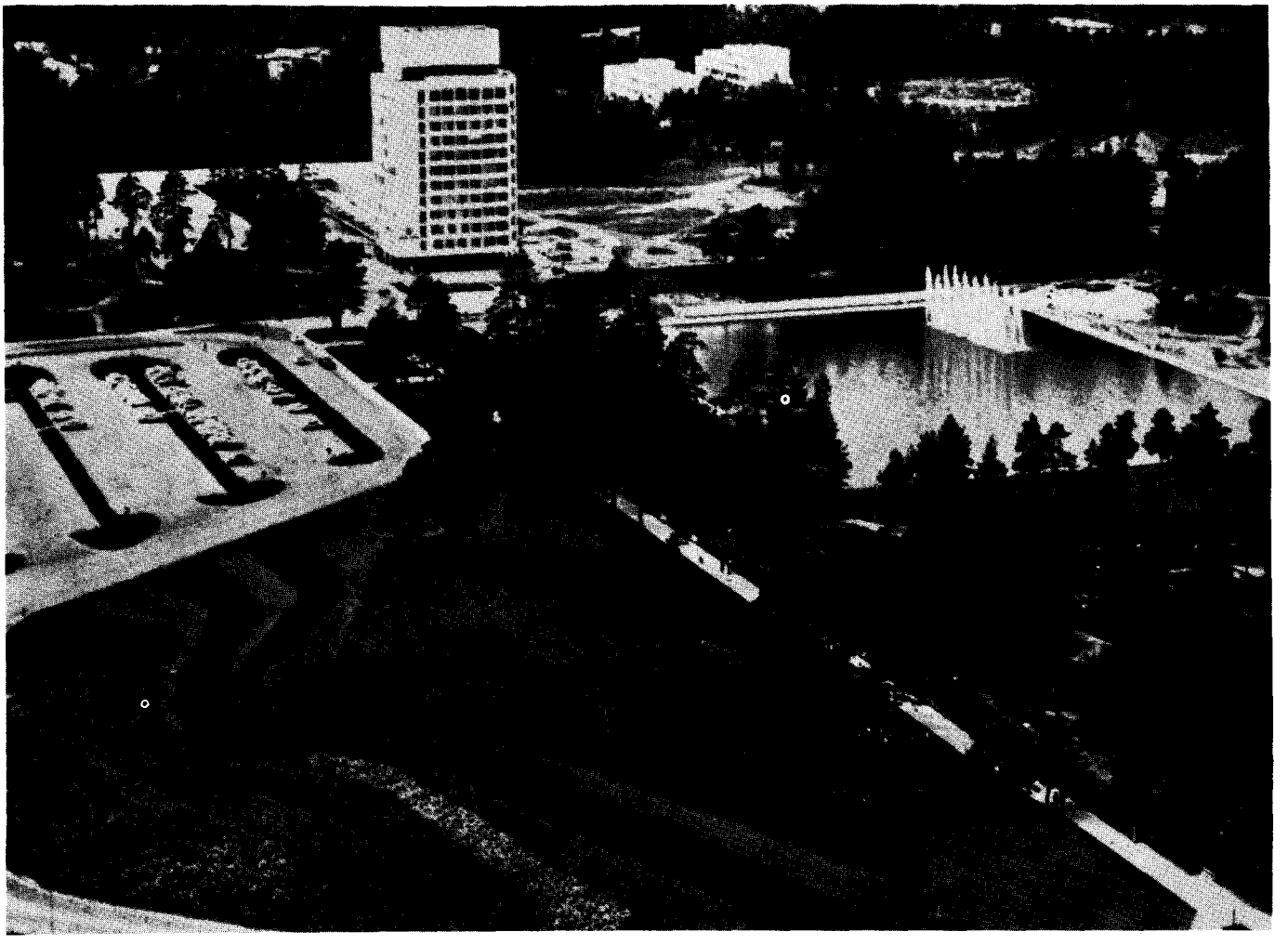
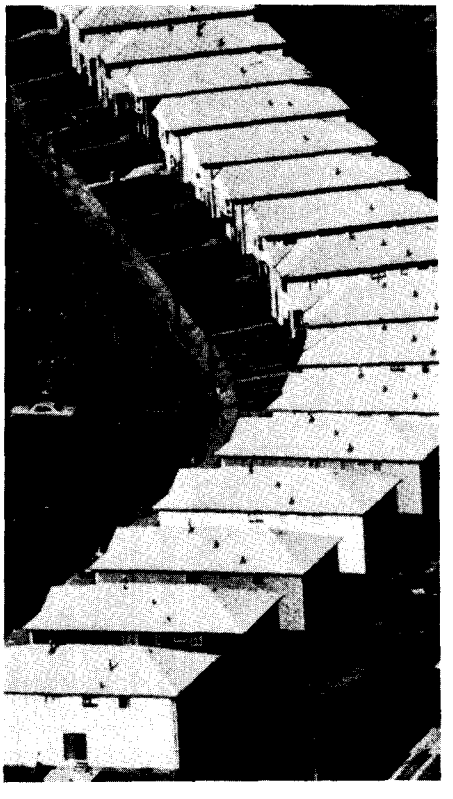


Tapiola, Finland (above), and suburban sprawl (below)—"a diversified new community on largely unoccupied land offers us a second chance."

Piecing the Political Pie

by EDWARD J. LOGUE



If new communities offer so many potential economic, social, and esthetic advantages at a time when our society desperately needs new hope, why is so little new-community development actually taking place? Some of the opposition is based upon a sincere conviction that these advantages are illusory. I contend, however, that the major obstacles are political.

The pattern of politics in the United States makes it extremely difficult, though not impossible, to realize the full benefits of planning and building new communities. Their development requires an extraordinary degree of policy and administrative integration involving a wide spectrum of activities. This requirement is frustrated by a basic characteristic of American politics: fragmentation of authority and responsibility for public policy-making and for the administration of public services.

For example, although we think of public education as usually governed by locally elected school boards, there is nevertheless a very strong state role in education. Every state has its own department of education that sets local standards which must be observed. A substantial portion of state revenues is made available to support the cost of local education.

Similarly, although public health services are administered on a decentralized basis, each state government

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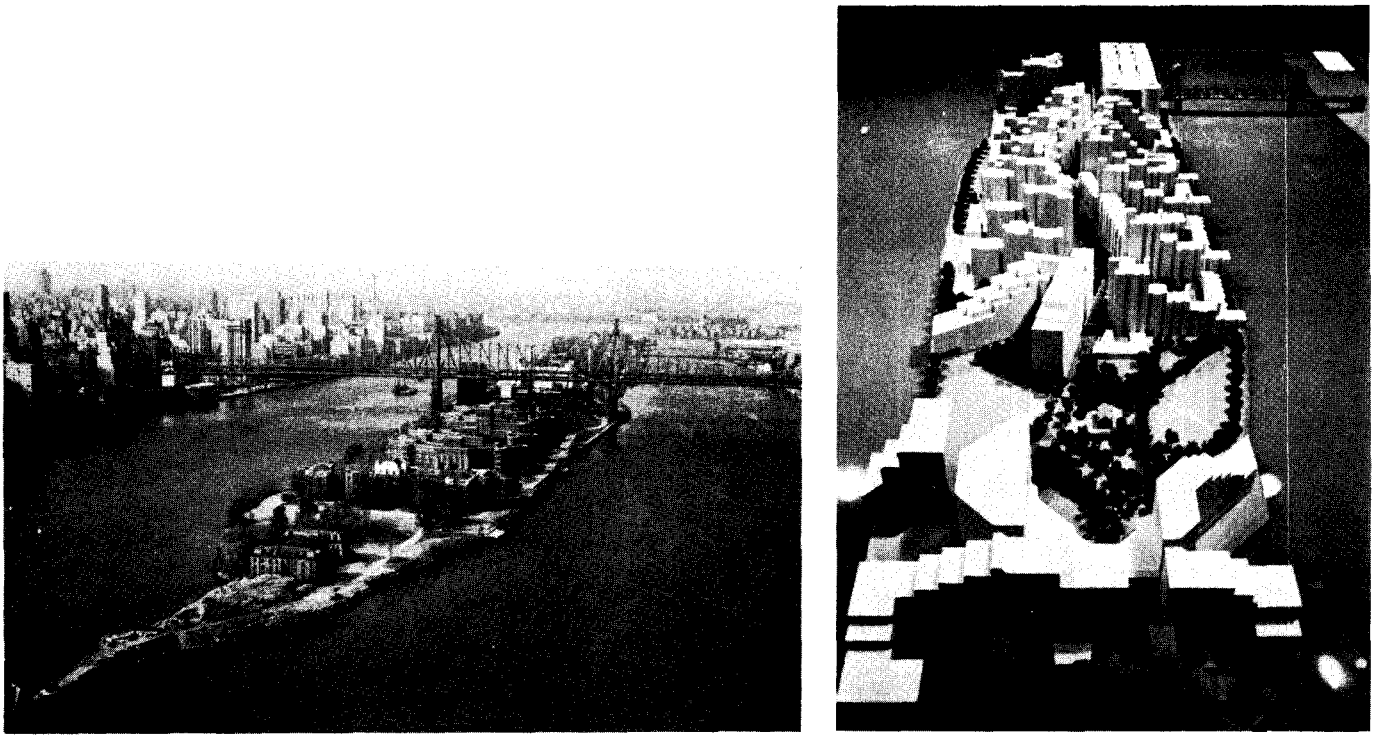

New York City's Welfare Island and model of "new town in-town" to be constructed there.

has a health department that has the responsibility for setting standards and overseeing the work of local public health departments. There are many other public services where there are both local administration and a very strong state role.

Interestingly enough, however, Hawaii is the only state that has a policy regarding the vitally important matter of land use. Nearly every state has adopted permissive legislation allowing local governments to use land within their borders purely on the basis of local concerns and without regard to the needs of the region or state. As a result, the use of zoning as a tool to welcome development by large property taxpayers and to screen out low and even moderate-income families has become common. The passions that can be aroused when "home rule" zoning is challenged are frightening.

We can expect this trend to continue until the local property tax ceases to be the dominant source of local revenue. If we are to foster new communities and effective state policies for land use as an alternative to metropolitan sprawl (the prevailing national urban growth pattern), we will have to change our traditional methods of raising state and local revenues. On this issue, I can speak from first hand experience. The dominant concern in New York State about new communities is the impact they will have on local tax rates. This is very important because most planned new communities are likely to be located where there already exist some settlement and apparatus of local government.

It is no accident that the new-community movement has been far more vigorous in Europe, where the focus of public policy-making is national and government administration is more centralized. For example, the master plan for land use in metropolitan Stockholm is not just a public relations package or an intellectual exercise. It is politically tenable because the power to make the plan and carry it out is in the same place. Perhaps even more important, through the "planning permission" system, no development can take place without a specific planning authorization. By contrast, the Planning Commission in New York City (and almost every other American city) is comparatively powerless in relation to the myriad agencies responsible for carrying out—or, often as not, thwarting—its recommendations.

Skepticism about planners and a mistrust of governmental planning power are deep-rooted in the United States. Elsewhere, however, planners are seen as the persons who make the consensus happen. In the United States, they are typically irrelevant to the actual workings of the political process.

In an age when problems were largely localized and foreign tyranny was much in mind, a system of multiple authorities, checking and balancing one another, may have served the needs of society. That age is long past. The urban crisis is subject to all the perils of rhetorical exaggeration, but my conviction is that our greatest dangers are from the paralysis of local government.

I do not mean to suggest that the answer to all of our urban problems is greater, more highly centralized power. The experience of the organization that I head, the New York State Urban Development Corporation, illustrates the limitations of that theory. UDC was established by the Governor and the Legislature in 1968 as an independent, public-benefit corporation designed to bring a comprehensive approach to the problems of urban deterioration, economic stagnation, unemployment, shortage of housing, and lack of civic facilities. The corporation can plan and carry out projects to supply housing for low-moderate- and middle-income families; to redevelop blighted areas through land-use improvement projects; to assist industrial and commercial development in some circumstances; to provide needed educational, cultural, community and other civic facilities; and, through a combination of these activities, to develop new communities. UDC is authorized to issue its own bonds to finance its projects, and this year successfully went to the private-investment market with an initial offering of $250-million.

The powers and exemptions conferred upon UDC make it a versatile agency of government, but only so long as it operates within the parameters of broad public consent. Such consent presents problems of its own. For example, UDC is already viewed apprehensively in some quarters because it has statutory powers to override local zoning regulations and building codes.

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And yet the political limitations on the exercise of legal authority are abundantly clear to both me and my colleagues at UDC. If we attempt to use our statutory powers arbitrarily or high-handedly—or even, in some cases, wisely—we invite their repeal.

The political challenge is, on the one hand, to demonstrate government's capacity to deliver the services and programs so desperately needed while, on the other hand, participating with the communities that these endeavors are designed to benefit. The older institutions have tended not to deliver, or to deliver at the expense of community input. At the same time, "community control" has frequently meant the appearance rather than the substance of participatory democracy. After a round of confrontations, the result has sometimes added up to a great deal of rhetoric and a lack of concrete accomplishment. The political need of the Seventies is to work out a governmental apparatus that can combine sensitive communication with effective action.

Theoretically, a new community begins with no constituency and no jurisdictional disputes, but that, of course, is unrealistic. Politically and administratively speaking, new communities are not a *tabula rasa*. Somebody, something has almost always been there first, carving out the seemingly empty acres into special jurisdictions for building future roads, sewers, fire stations, schools—and, most important, devising ways to collect taxes to pay for all these services.

Such districts are not necessarily consistent one with another. More likely they are a hodge-podge of different sizes, overlapping functions, and fragmented responsibilities. Each fiefdom demands independent negotiations, comparable to guiding a resolution through the General Assembly of the United Nations. At the same time, each negotiation can be indispensable to the creation of a new community. At Lysander, a new community being launched by UDC on approximately 2,700 acres in the Syracuse metropolitan region, UDC has been working out agreements with the Clay Sanitary District, the Baldwinsville-Seneca Knolls Sanitary District, the Onondaga County Water Authority, the Onondaga County Solid Waste Disposal Authority, the Belgium-Cold Springs Fire District, the Baldwinsville Central School District, the Onondaga County Sheriff's office, and the town of Lysander, not to mention the New York State Department of Transportation, the New York Telephone Company, the Niagara Mohawk Power Corporation, and the Erie-Lackawanna Railroad! As this listing makes clear, the 2,700 acres may be vacant but the public-service jurisdictions were all carved out beforehand.

There is a serious question whether new-community development can ever be achieved on a large scale if it must be brought about only through presently established governmental processes. A few pilot efforts can succeed, but building a significant number of new towns will require a simpler system. Furthermore, any successful large new-town program will have to assure existing entities of local government that the new communities will not be a financial burden on resident taxpayers.

Last year, the New York State Legislature passed regulations requiring the state and authorizing UDC to reimburse the locality for land taken off the local tax rolls prior to development. UDC has recommended that the state assume the responsibility, for example, of paying "impact" money to localities, much as the federal government already does in areas where there are large federal installations. The policy is intended to reduce the costs to local taxpayers for extra services that will benefit a larger group. Obviously, however, this is not a very good time to come up with new ideas for spending state money. Local school districts with rapidly rising costs are understandably concerned about an influx of additional pupils without a corresponding increase in school revenues. The need to support such expanding local services is recognized in the Housing and Urban Development Act of 1970; however, state support is also needed.

Socially, new communities can offer unique opportunities for Americans to live, work, and go to school together in diverse neighborhoods. Such communities constitute one important way to facilitate meaningful ethnic and socioeconomic integration in our increasingly segregated society.

Financial fears in suburban areas over prospective new patterns of housing should not be regarded as justification for restrictive land-use regulations aimed at maintaining islands of advantage amid the seas of social change. These regulations are among the powerful forces at work polarizing our society. Local zoning laws are already under attack in some state legislatures as well as in the courts for going far beyond a legitimate concern for public health and safety. It is entirely possible to distribute housing for lower-income families in various parts of a metropolitan area in such a way that they will enjoy the benefits of fresh air, safe streets, and good schools (plus access to the increasing number of suburban jobs) without changing the "character" of any existing community. However, that goal is easier to state than to carry out.

It is not sufficiently understood that by following a pattern of "fair sharing"—i.e., each suburban community providing its fair share of housing for low-income families—not a single suburb will have its basic nature changed. The statistics of suburban growth and central-city decline in the 1970 Census make that clear. On the other hand, as long as the problems of change are imposed selectively upon certain neighborhoods or particular ethnic and social groups, militant opposition becomes inevitable. This piecemeal approach also leads to rigid political positions that make it all but impossible to implement constructive public policy.

I firmly believe that housing developments that cater exclusively to low-income families are inherently undesirable since they are likely to produce large institutionalized, apartheid pockets. UDC's housing policy has led in most cases to a 70-20-10 formula—70 per cent of all housing units on a site for middle- and moderate-income families, 20 per cent for low-income families, and 10 per cent for the elderly. This housing mix seeks to provide a cross section of age groups and income levels in a diversified community, where, incidentally, the elderly are not isolated from the young.

If we still regard America as the land of opportunity and desire low-income families to move into the economic mainstream rather than slip into welfare status, we must ensure that they come into contact with more prosperous families. This philosophy has been incorporated into our planning not only for projects within cities but also for new communities in Lysander and Amherst, where the new campus of the State University of New York at Buffalo is being built.

It will also be incorporated in the "new town in-town" soon to be constructed on New York City's Welfare Island. Although the precise housing mix is adjusted to local needs, the object is the same. One advantage of developing a diversified new community on largely unoccupied land is that it offers us a second chance, so to speak, to convert the slogans of equal opportunity into practical reality. Those who sincerely seek a quality of life characterized by a full interchange among different economic and ethnic groups can opt for such a style of living—and they can do so without engaging in destructive confrontations with opponents already on the turf. Since all the occupants of the new community are, so to speak, volunteers, no outside force is imposing a change in the character of an already existing community.

(*Continued on page* 57)

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Interior of Pruitt-Igoe housing in St. Louis and opening ceremonies at the project—"We seem to have lost our way. . . ."

Truths and Consequences for Older Cities

by LEO A. MOLINARO

One of the most important effects of new-community development in the United States will be its impact upon existing cities—upon the way we conceptualize urban "problems" and "solutions" and upon the value orientation of our urban political leaders, planners, and citizens.

Some people believe that new communities are irrelevant to urban problems (or are even a diversionary threat to their solution) because, unlike densely populated cities, they supposedly are planned and developed in sparsely settled areas. I feel that the approach to improving urban environment is or should be the same in both situations and that recognition of this fact will be one of the key results of new-community development. Obviously, there are enormous differences among, say, New York City, Hartford, and Columbia, Maryland. Nevertheless, crucial insights gained during new-community development, such as that in Columbia, are relevant to urban development generally. Put another way, our ineffectiveness in solving the problems of our central cities can be attributed largely to our failure to profit from insights essential to successful development regardless of location ("successful" being defined in terms of desirable public policy). New communities will greatly facilitate our understanding of these factors and how they can be applied.

The ironic fact of the matter is that we know a lot more than we put to use in the battle to improve the quality of life. Workable, proven ideas are available in a thousand places. What we do not have in sufficient quality or quantity is the commitment to put these ideas to work in combination, over a continuous period, in an arena large enough to enlist the resources needed to make the ideas pay off.

I know of at least a hundred cities that have had studies made of trends in their local economy and other basic life-support systems. Perhaps another hundred cities can be found that have attempted to establish goals. But I have yet to find a city that tries to spell out in clear, operational terms just what life could be like if the city could achieve its objectives and reverse undesirable trends or reinforce desirable ones. We expend our energies on diagnosis and prescription and never get around to describing how the results would look, feel, and act. In short, we have no clear *vision* of the good life to which people can relate effort, sacrifice, costs, and benefits. We seem to have lost our way in our older cities, meeting crisis after crisis, trying to manage conflicts and confrontation and generally stay alive. The result is "policy sprawl"—policy that grows in bits and pieces without any overall vision to follow. In policy sprawl—just as in "suburban sprawl"—the people have less and less sense of community and they feel estranged from local authority.

When developing a new community, however, one must operate with a different set of conditions from those that have produced our urban woes. For one thing, there can be no policy sprawl. The size of the investment involved creates enormous pressures on the developer to consider all the factors relating to superior environment. A new community might fail if it tolerated excessive distance between work and residence, inadequate education at any level, insufficient recreational opportunities, inconvenient shopping or commercial facilities, the absence of air, rail, or highway outlets, unattractive commercial and industrial sites, or lack of water and power. There are literally dozens of other dangers, and the builder must avoid them all or risk losing millions.

First, in planning a new community one must be very clear about the dominant conditions that exist and those that are developing. To be clear about them does not mean to accept them automatically as final. For example, the Israelis could never have made the desert bloom if they had accepted its rainless condition. Second, goals must be formulated simply. Goal statements tend to turn off many hardheaded people, because they usually sound like truisms and clichés and we have come to associate them with people or organizations that are powerless to bring them to reality. On the other hand, a production goal stated

LEO A. MOLINARO is president of the American City Corporation.

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by a producer, a distribution goal stated by a distributor, or a health goal stated by a health provider can make us sit up and take notice.

Third, and this is crucial, the consequence of these goals must be anticipated. We must try to detail in advance what their achievement will mean in specific terms of how we live, play, work, rest, communicate, raise our families, worship, organize, politic, and dissent. The questions of relevance and honesty raised so painfully by our high school and college students deal precisely with this point. They want to know not only where they are going but what difference it will make if they get there.

Four principles govern the development of a new community. First, the environment must be conceived in terms of the best that can be made available through manageable effort, at costs that can be computed and compared to other costs, and at performance levels that can be described and measured. A second principle involves scope. If the vision is too small and too safe, it will not create any substantial improvements in the quality of life. Model Cities, urban renewal projects, highway development, and many other commendable programs simply do not have the scope and impact to make the difference. For example, good housing that is too far from places of work is not good housing to the consumer. Therefore, one must place housing, transportation, and employment within a single plan. This integration is clearly beyond the range of existing programs. A third principle dictates that a new environment must incorporate an ever widening number of choices and differences in order to generate that critical mass of life activity that constitutes a growing community. The fourth principle is that there must be a visible benefit for every cost and a visible return on every investment if the new environment is to be maintained by those who live in it. A corollary of this principle is that the social and esthetic components of the new environment should not be in any sense contrary to expectations for economic growth, stability, and profitability. In fact, growth, stability, and profitability are based upon the social and esthetic quality of the new environment.

In sum, then, new environments that are meant to create new choices and opportunities, to provide justice and responsibility, to supply a return to all who have a stake in them, must be planned in a comprehensive and integrated manner. This means the interrelationships between all the basic life-support systems must be discovered, analyzed, and dealt with at the level where they intersect in the lives of people. Plans must be cast in terms of the basic delivery point—the individual and the family.

It is in the description of this new vision that new communities will make their greatest impact on existing cities. At least four consequences can be predicted:

• The lingering, debilitating separation between planning and development can be ended. For whatever reasons, good and bad, city planners have been deprived of the discipline of devising projects that actually will be executed. They have been cast in the frustrating role of advisers without authority or without adequate working relationships with the developers and politicians who, after all, build and rebuild the city. Building new communities requires teamwork that makes planners of developers and developers of planners. They must be equally concerned with the disciplines of financing, design, politics, marketing, and a growing range of citizen/consumer behavior.

• New community development will have a significant impact on how public and private capital formation occurs and how it is allocated. Public expenditures in old cities too often are considered simply as money that has to be spent to fight congestion, crime, poverty, and all the other battles that nobody ever seems to win. Urban renewal projects attempted to change this philosophy by underwriting the recapture of land for the creation of new values, but the social revolution in our inner cities delayed meaningful reform. To the poor, urban renewal improvements seemed to be going only to those who already had plenty of advantages. In new-community planning there will be techniques for distributing benefits to all residents.

• Our older cities have lost much of the initiative to control their own destinies. They have become preoccupied with managing conflicts and custodial tasks. Somehow 85 cents of every tax dollar leaves the city for state and federal coffers. Some of this is returned to the city through an intricate set of procedures that place the burden on the city to extricate funds from state and federal agencies. In new-community development, management and administration can be organized around creating and distributing social services and facilities that are planned and run from an entrepreneurial standpoint, aiming at capturing the support and participation of the citizen/consumer.

• Those institutions and systems that support life in the old community have grown more apart than together. Competition for scarce dollars, manpower, and leadership has balkanized social services. With a new vision of what community life could become and how this standard might be attained, financed, and managed, there will come a power to evoke new institutional responses or entirely new institutions and agencies. As new communities follow such a vision and generate new responses in health services, education, employment patterns, recreation, citizens of older cities cannot help but demand as much.

New cities, then, offer an important opportunity to develop an effective, humane process for rethinking, replanning, and restructuring our urban goals. Several leading public officials from large metropolitan areas have recognized this chance and are considering working with new communities to discover values that can help meet inner-city needs. For instance, in southeastern Michigan the Metropolitan Fund of Detroit, a nonprofit research corporation, has announced a proposal for "pairing" new-town development with inner-city redevelopment. The objective is to link directly the planning and development of new environments in both areas, pooling costs and benefits. In Memphis, Tennessee, the Shelby County Commission is developing a new community on 5,000 acres that currently is used for the county penal farm. Local officials are looking at new-community development as an opportunity to raise a new vision of urban living.

In Minnesota, a unique coalition of distinguished public officials, business leaders, and urban scholars has detailed an ambitious, far-reaching proposal for an experimental city (the Minnesota Experimental City) that would become a laboratory and workshop for inventing and testing social and technical improvements and making them available to existing cities. A proposal to establish the Minnesota Experimental City Authority has been presented to the state Legislature. Similarly, the work of the New York State Urban Development Corporation combines a concern for new communities with one for existing cities. In fact, their investment portfolio represents a balance of new, expanding, and renewing communities.

At the federal level, Title VII of the Housing Act of 1970 for the first time in our history clearly relates the development of new towns, expanding communities (mainly in suburban areas), and new communities inside an existing city. These relationships are not just academic suppositions or

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Humanism and Survival

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's guest editorial is by Albert William Levi, professor of philosophy at Washington University and author of* Humanism and Politics.

For Thomas Mann's Settembrini in *The Magic Mountain,* culture and politics formed a single necessary element of civilized life. For Paul Valéry, however, politics was an unsavory mixture of bestiality and metaphysics in which the former all too often predominated. It elicited, therefore, only his fastidious distaste.

Such polarity should not be surprising. The relationship between politics and culture has always been ambiguous and subject to contrary evaluations. One side has eternally seen politics as "an affront to culture," whether illustrated by Cromwell's irregulars pulling down the walls of Glastonbury Abbey or by Shakespeare's Brutus "murdering from philosophy." The other has generally viewed politics esthetically, seeing it almost as an art form, distinguishing various "styles" of politics, and holding that political means are essential for the achievement of everything of human and cultural value.

The fact is that throughout the history of Western civilization politics has exerted both fascination and repulsion upon the great humanists, and this has produced a delicate ballet of advance and withdrawal, a dialectic of embracement and rejection, in the humanistic mentality. A comparison of the life and work of Erasmus with those of Montaigne provides a recurrent model: the former delicately withdrawing from the rough violence of politics into the sheltered retreat of learning and scholarship; the latter actively striving to mediate the bitter political factionalism of his time as legislator, as mayor of Bordeaux for two terms, and as secret negotiator at the court of three French kings, even while he was writing his great series of essays.

In the eighteenth century, there is the example of Goethe, aristocratic and unpolitical to the core, who set the pattern of political withdrawal that was to influence the German intelligentsia for a century and a half and that was finally to reap a bitter harvest in the triumph of Adolf Hitler. Yet, there is also the precedent of Schiller, who wrote his brilliant political plays because he thought that the stage was a "moral" institution that must serve the achievement of freedom for all men.

Today the apolitical examples of Erasmus and Goethe have become somewhat suspect, the targets of both our bad conscience and the times, for politics in the contemporary world plays not only a crucial but also a curiously symbolic role. Twenty years ago Isaac Rosenfeld wrote: "One need only write of political experience, and the writing will sound with the full underground tonality, for politics is the underground of our time." This statement was prophetic, for now politics has become the idiom of the age, as our deepest personal problems reveal themselves in the garments of political concern. Even Mann himself, after the great political refusal of his youth, in his later years and out of bitter experience finally admitted: "In our time the destiny of man presents its meaning in political terms."

Any politics presupposes an idea of man. And precisely what is the idea of man that comes to expression in Auschwitz, Hiroshima, and Mylai? What response must the humanistic mentality make to the specter of technological barbarism and to a theory of warfare patterned upon the use of an insecticide?

Machiavelli in the sixteenth century wrote a treatise on warfare; he did not minimize war's sufferings, but he justified war as necessary to unify Italy and to restore the Roman virtues. Von Clausewitz wrote about war in the nineteenth century; he did not deny its cruelty, but he thought that courage and respect for the rights of women, children, and non-combatants subjected it to the rules of chivalry and honor. But Herman Kahn in our time has produced the latest and most frightening evidence of a technology gone mad. Nowhere in the 576 pages of his treatise *On Thermonuclear War* is there one trace of guilt or moral qualm, of human feeling or ethical reservation.

Humanism has always functioned as an educational tool in the creation of the human community by inculcating common ideals and by stressing the reciprocal responsibilities of men. It has always been the conscience of its age. And this is why, as Gilbert Murray once said about Aristophanes, its politics has generally been more greatly moved by the spirit of a policy—its cruelty, its injustice, its vulgarity—than by its mere material results.

Today, more than ever, we are living at a time when the human race is fighting for survival. Today no humanist can afford the luxury of a comfortable, ostrich-like political withdrawal. Even the most devoted scholar must recognize this fact, for any current policy of insensitive conquest, of narrow nationalistic interest, or of brutal extermination urgently needs the humanizing influence of writers, artists, philosophers, and teachers to question its mindless direction and to turn it from its suicidal course.

—ALBERT WILLIAM LEVI.

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Letters to the Editor

The Teaching of Calley

WHAT HAPPENED in Lieutenant Calley's brain during the Mylai incident may never be known. N. C.'s editorial "Calley" [*SR*, Apr. 24] points out a spectrum of those who are guilty ranging from the President to the ordinary American citizen.

As a citizen and public school teacher, *I* am deeply troubled and confused by the entire situation. I do not know Calley's parents or teachers or the community in which he was raised. From most accounts, he was the model child, never causing his family worry or raising hell in the classroom.

Run, Calley, run. See Calley jump. Oh, see Calley run and jump.

How many times have *I* applauded the student who obeyed? How often have I "*shut down*" *the off-beat non-conformist?* After *Sputnik,* the nation demanded that schools teach children to *think.* When these same children were taught *too* well, citizens and educators alike watched horrified as students marched, rioted, and demanded a say in the running of their schools.

I don't like unruly kids or four-letter words. Yet my conscience asks: Do I want a quiet classroom full of neat, well-disciplined youngsters at the expense of perhaps producing a new nation of Calleys who will not stop to question when to pull the trigger?

VIRGINIA M. MCCARTHY,
Spokane, Wash.

I APPLAUD N.C.'s recent editorial on Lieutenant Calley. There was something inherently phony about the mass swell of indignation at Calley's having been found guilty of the bloody mess at Mylai, as contrasted with the great outpouring of revulsion at the time his conduct there had first been bared to public view.

We are *told there were many* "Mylais" and that no one was ever punished for them. There are also many civilian murders yet to be solved; but that does not give us cause to pardon those whose crimes have been found out.

It is easy to believe that the Army would like Calley to bear the responsibility for a wrong that may have begun higher up in the ranks. But it is not easy for me, personally, to forgive anyone—in or out of war—who would pick up small children and fling them into a ditch to be slaughtered along with adults who may or may not have been Vietcong supporters. Their greatest crime as civilians, it seems, is just that they happened to be there—in their own country, in their own village—in the way at the time. We cannot believe that little children should be gunned down for the political beliefs or wartime sentiments of their parents.

If the Vietnamese children have been taught to lie, cheat, plot, and set traps for these white intruders, they are surely not alone in their contrivances. They have been "carefully taught"; but they are still unaccountable, as children, for having to grow up in a world of hate and deceit—that is, if they ever do get a chance to grow up.

In any event, we Americans must grow up ourselves. . . . Our nationwide histrionics in this Calley case seem to reflect our basic attitude these days, in which no one cares to shoulder responsibility for his conduct. One can, in most cases, do just about anything he chooses, to anyone he pleases, just as long as he can fall back on the good graces of a shrewd lawyer or a slim technicality to bail him out.

In the future, Americans, let's have more objective, deliberate motion and less hysterical emotion. Act more constructively. React less destructively.

WILLIAM L. BENNETT,
Muskegon, Mich.

The Want to Read

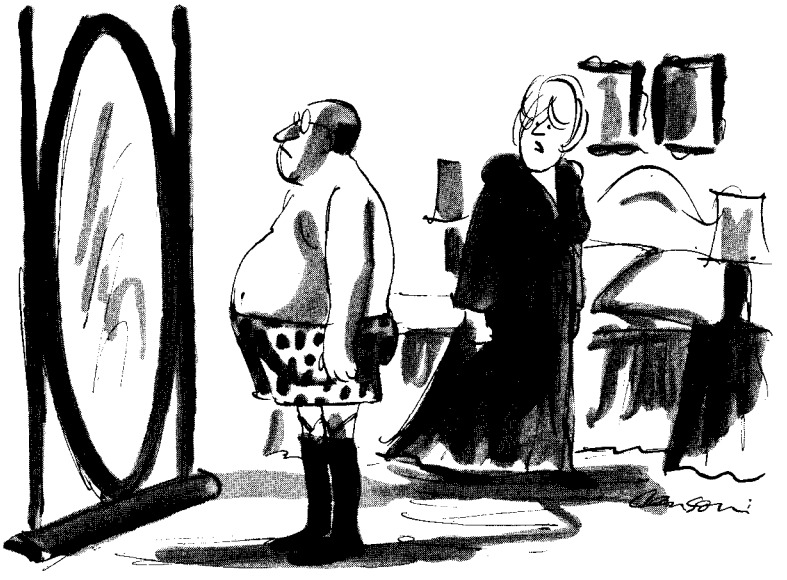
DAVID DEMPSEY'S article "The Right to Read" [*SR*, Apr. 17] focuses on the great need—and often greater difficulty—to reach the poverty child, since ". . . his limited access to books may choke off an interest in reading. Ghetto libraries are not always geared to ghetto needs. . . . The very act of teaching 'literacy' can discourage a desire to read."

SR readers should know about a national program designed specifically to motivate the disadvantaged youngster to *want* to read: Reading Is Fundamental (RIF), sponsored by the Smithsonian Institution and funded by the Ford Foundation. The RIF concept is quite simple: to make available to the children a wide variety of paperback books from which they may pick any book of their own choice—and which they may keep—with no strings attached. Thus, self-selection and pride of ownership are the keys to this motivational program. All too often we have found that many of these youngsters come from homes where there are literally no reading materials—no books, no magazines, no newspapers—and therefore, no reading habit. RIF tries to bridge the gap for these youngsters by letting them discover for themselves that reading can be fun and not just another classroom chore.

RIF began as a pilot project in 1966, providing five books each to some 40,000 elementary school children in the inner city of Washington, D.C. Under the leadership of Mrs. Robert S. McNamara, who spearheaded the RIF idea, Reading Is Fundamental now has widened its horizons to include the entire country. Thanks to continuing administrative support from Ford, warm sponsorship at the Smithsonian, and a distinguished National Advisory Board, RIF has been able to help develop local RIF projects in at least a dozen urban and rural areas during the past two years, and the number is increasing, e.g., as of this writing, some six new projects are about to get under way, and dozens of communities have expressed keen interest in providing this kind of service in their area.

As its contribution to the overall "Right to Read" effort, RIF hopes to stimulate hundreds of local projects during the next two years. The national RIF office provides information and technical assistance to groups interested in starting their own RIF project, the responsibility for funding resides with the local community. Thus far, RIF's model projects have availed themselves of a variety of funding sources, both public and private: ESEA Title I, local foundations and corporations have all contributed to the initial success of this exciting program. To date about one-and-a-half million books have been distributed to 275,000 recipients, who come from a variety of backgrounds: urban and rural blacks, Mexican-Americans, children on Indian reservations and in rural Appalachia.

JERROLD SANDLER,
Executive Director, RIF,
Washington, D.C.



"Oh, Walter, quit torturing yourself."

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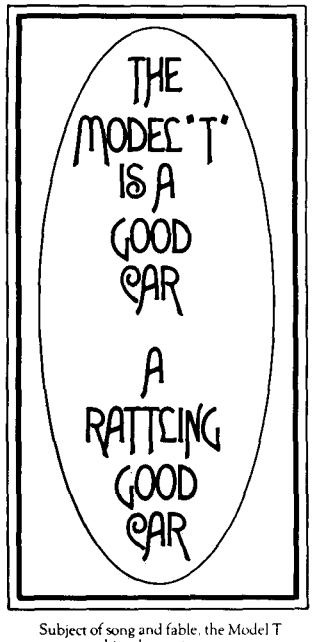
We've been working quietly for 10 years to make you forget the "Tin Lizzie."

We listen. It's always been our way of staying in touch.

And some time ago, our people came to a frightening conclusion.

We decided a certain part of our past was hurting us.

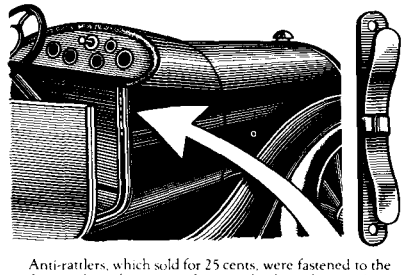
Of all things, it was the Model T. For despite everything the "Tin Lizzie" was—dependable, tough as a tractor, unpretentious and loveable as an old shoe—there were certain things



Subject of song and fable, the Model T was everything but quiet.

it wasn't. It wasn't exactly sophisticated. And it certainly wasn't quiet.

The nickname "Tin Lizzie" was no accident.



Anti-rattlers, which sold for 25 cents, were fastened to the door jamb, and guaranteed to stop the doors from rattling.

We also decided the Europeans were beating us at our own game.

Ironically, they were the ones who were acquiring a reputation for solid, untinny cars. And Americans were buying them. The need for a quiet, well-built American car was obvious.

So we started to work on it. The big question was whether people would buy the "Quiet Car" from the "Tin Lizzie" company.

Fortunately, they did. The 1965 Ford LTD, "the car that rode quieter than a Rolls-Royce" (note the ad), sold in record numbers. Naturally, that pleased us.

But the "quiet car" was more than an advertising idea.

It really was quiet.

It was purposely built to be a more solid-feeling, quiet-riding car than its competitors.

You see, Ford Motor Company has always been in business to make money.

We've been able to do that by giving people what they want.

And so far, there's been good profit in giving people sound, honest products.

Let us tell you how we've gone about building quiet ones.

Why is the Model T called the family car?

Because it has a muffler for Father, a hood for Mother, and plenty of rattles for the kids to play with.

People could joke about a noisy car in the old days. But today, it's a different story.

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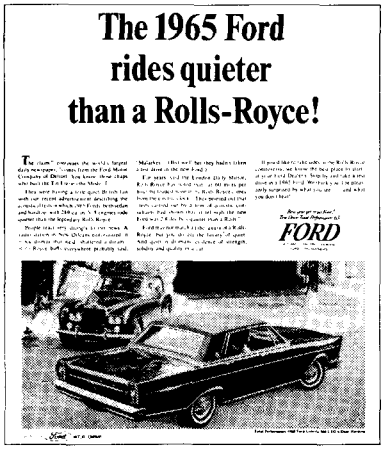


In 1964, this ad unveiled the "Quiet Car."

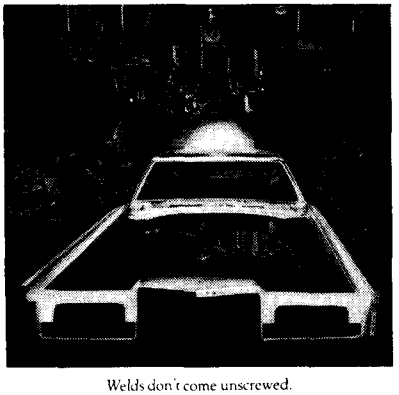
First of all, there's a lot more to creating a quiet car than simply loading it with sound-deadening "goop."

Noise is something that has to be engineered out.

Long before a design for a body and frame ever goes into production, we take a prototype and put it on the torture rack. There we apply thousands of pounds of "twist." If something gives or breaks loose, it isn't considered rigid enough to pass. At that point, it's back to the drawing boards until the design is right.

GOOD WELDS ARE A MUST.

When it finally is ready for production, our 50-ton electronic welder takes over. "The Monster," as it is affectionately known, takes the body-frame components, clamps them firmly in a jig and, in 30 seconds,



Welds don't come unscrewed.

fuses them together with more than 100 welds. It produces a body that's firm, solid, and aligned to within tolerances of a few thousandths of an inch.

THOUSANDS OF WELDS: 3,500 FASTENERS.

Those 100-plus welds are only the first of thousands of welds that hold a Ford Motor Company car together. It's done electronically too, to insure good solid welds. And good welds are absolutely essential to a quiet car.

In addition to its many welds, the typical Ford product also contains more than 3,500 fasteners. That includes nuts, bolts, lock washers, rivets and so on. And in one way or another, virtually every one of them is designed to keep from working loose.

SHAKE, RATTLE AND ROLL

There's even a device called, appropriately enough, the "shake, rattle and roll machine," which can simulate a ride on the roughest road imaginable—right inside the factory. With it, we can test a car for rattles and squeaks before it ever leaves the assembly line. We can check for noise in the doors, inside the trunk, under the hood, inside the seats, behind the dashboard—places like that. It's one more way to help give you a quieter car.

NYLON IS BETTER.

Speaking of noise, we cover the floors of our cars with thick nylon carpeting, because we've found that nylon is a better sound deadener.

Nylon carpets cost more, but they're quieter.

COMPUTERS HELP.

Where you put the insulation is extremely important, also. So we use computers to help locate critical noisy areas.

The baffling compartments in our mufflers, for example, are designed by computer. The same for the special vibration dampeners we've installed at the rear of our transmissions.

The fact of the matter is that every single part of a Ford Motor Company car is constantly under scrutiny by our sound engineers.

FUSSINESS PAYS OFF.

If there's a squeak, knock, ping, clank, drum, humm, peep or pocketa-pocketa to be found anywhere in a given design, they'll find it. And when they do, something gets done about it—or else. Their work has resulted in everything from thicker weatherstripping around the doors and windows, to redesigned engine mounts, to improved gearteeth in the rear axles and transmissions.

That kind of thing adds up. It's what quiet cars are made of.

STILL SKEPTICAL?

We invite you to test the difference yourself. We've made a lot of friends in the last five years selling quiet cars to skeptical people.

We'd like you to be one of them.

So much for our point of view. Give us yours.

Send us your wants, needs, likes, dislikes, gripes, etc. Your letter will be read, considered and answered.

WRITE:
FORD MOTOR COMPANY LISTENS
DEPARTMENT SR
THE AMERICAN ROAD
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN 48121

Do write us. We listen. And we listen better.

Ford

...has a better idea (we listen better)

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"Irresistibly entertaining." —PETER S. PRESCOTT, *Newsweek*

Samuel Eliot Morison

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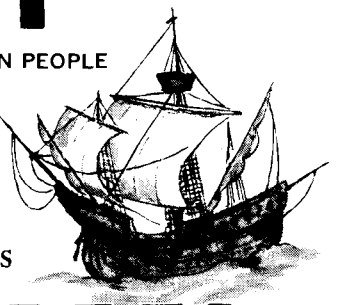

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—COLIN MACINNES,
Page One Review,
New York Times Book Review

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Linus Pauling and the Vitamin Controversy

by NORMAN COUSINS

VITAMIN C AND THE COMMON COLD

by Linus Pauling

W. H. Freeman, 122 pp., $3.95; paperback, $1.95

ORTHOMOLECULAR PSYCHIATRY

by Linus Pauling

(An article in *Science*, April 19, 1968)

Several years ago, Linus Pauling wrote a paper supporting the theory that niacin and ascorbic acid are useful in the treatment of schizophrenia. Niacin belongs to the Vitamin B family; ascorbic acid is synonymous with Vitamin C. Professor Pauling has recently advanced another theory in the field of medicine: massive doses of Vitamin C help to prevent or combat colds. In both cases his theories have come under heavy fire from the medical profession. It is contended that he has ventured beyond his established competence and that his conclusions are unsupported by controlled clinical studies.

Before considering Dr. Pauling's credentials in the field of megavitamin therapy, it may be in order to review the attitude of the medical profession in general towards vitamins. To say the least, the prevailing opinion has been cautious and unenthusiastic. In many instances it has been downright hostile. There is a sound basis for much of this attitude. Vitamins are the ready stuff of quackery. They lend themselves easily to all sorts of unproved notions about quick cures. They are obtainable without prescription and are used not infrequently for self-medication in serious cases requiring skilled diagnosis and careful treatment. Countless millions of dollars have been spent on unnecessary vitamin fortification. Some vitamins are toxic in large doses.

Having said this, one must also say that much of the medical profession has allowed doubts about vitamins to carry it far past the point of reasonable criticism. Important research and careful documentation of vitamin efficacy for some illnesses have often been casually evaluated or disregarded altogether. Resistance to vitamin therapy has become institutionalized—indeed, almost ritualized. Until very recently the entire field of nutrition, in fact, has been a curriculum stepchild at many medical schools. There has been a tendency to take malnutrition seriously only at the extremes—as in the case of scurvy or kwashiorkor. A related assumption by some physicians is that the average American supermarket shopping bag contains all that is necessary to meet required vitamin levels for good health. Similarly, it has not been unusual to hear some doctors say that vitamin deficiencies are rare among the American people. These assumptions have no basis in fact.

Competent nutrition specialists know that millions of Americans today are poorly fed and are consequently susceptible to a wide range of illnesses of varying severity. Malnourishment is not a peculiarity of the poor; it can readily be found in all sectors of American society.

Fortunately, many medical schools today are giving increased attention to nutrition. They recognize that too many doctors have minimized or bypassed the part played by proper foods in the maintenance of good health. These schools are concerned with the overemphasis on drugs and the under-

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emphasis on nutrition. They are educating doctors to help Americans tell the difference between malnourishment and undernourishment. A full stomach is no protection against nutritional deficiencies. Hazards of sugar-laden foods and white bread have yet to be widely recognized. The pace of modern living, with its stress on the nervous system; the prevalence of chemical poisons in food, water, and air; the general disdain for proper nourishment—all these figure in vitamin deficiencies, some of them serious.

Doctors are right in deploring the tendency of many people to try to patch themselves up with vitamins without benefit of professional examination or prescription. The doctors would be on firmer ground, however, if they did not also go to the other extreme of proclaiming that the average American has little to fear from dietary imbalance.

It is against this general background that Linus Pauling's statements on the therapeutic value of massive vitamin doses have to be considered. His paper on schizophrenia was based on systematic, sustained biochemical research into what he called the "molecular environment" of the mind. He was able to perceive direct connections between chemical imbalances in the brain and irrational and erratic behavior, generally diagnosed as schizophrenia. This does not mean, of course, that *all* mental symptoms are caused by vitamin insufficiency. Pauling's further researches led him to support the findings of medical researchers who contended that massive doses of vitamins, with the emphasis on the Vitamin B family, plus ascorbic acid, enhance the body's ability to repair its "orthomolecular" deficiencies and to provide for restored chemical balance in the brain. Dr. Pauling emphasized that mental disease is often the result of a low concentration in the brain of thiamine (B_1) or nicotinamide (B_3) or pyridoxine (B_6) or cyanocobalamin (B_{12}) or biotin or ascorbic acid. Of these, the two most significant vitamins in the treatment of mental illness, he believes, are niacin (nicotinic acid) and ascorbic acid.

Professor Pauling presented his ideas on schizophrenia in the April 19, 1968, issue of *Science*, the weekly paper published by the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The result, not unpredictably, was a substantial attack on his findings by the medical profession. The general tenor of the criticism was that Professor Pauling had presented insufficient and inconclusive data, and that he would do well to stay within his own field. What these criticisms seemed to overlook was that a large part of Dr. Pauling's career as a biochemist has had the deepest medical significance.

Apparently overlooked, too, in the criticism was the substantial and significant work done in the same field over the years by psychiatric researchers, biochemists, and internists such as Mark D. Altschule, Günter G. Brune, M. J. Callbeck, H. M. Cleckley, Allan Cott, Masamoto Fujimori, L. E. Geeslin, Harold E. Himwich,* Abram Hoffer, Humphry Osmond, and V. P. Sydenstricker.

The sum total of all these researches points to correlations between chemical imbalances and mental disease. Poor dietary habits are identified as a not infrequent cause of mental symptoms. This is not to underestimate the importance of emotional pressures or genetic factors in mental diseases. What these studies have done is to call attention to physiological and dietary factors as contributory causes of psychoses—causes too frequently ignored in the diagnosis and treatment of mental patients.

In this light, it can be seen that severe malnutrition, with its deleterious effects on body chemistry, can produce some symptoms suggestive of schizophrenia. The attempt to treat such patients exclusively by psychoanalysis or other established psychiatric measures can be both wasteful and harmful.

"The functioning of the brain and nervous tissue," Professor Pauling wrote in *Science*, "is more sensitively dependent on the rate of chemical reactions than the functioning of other organs and tissues. I believe that mental disease is for the most part caused by abnormal reaction rates, as determined by genetic constitution and diet, and by abnormal molecular concentrations of essential substances."

A specific illustration of this point is the connection between pellagra and schizophrenia. Although pellagra is readily distinguishable from other disorders producing mental symptoms, it can lead to disorientation and mental abnormalities associated with schizophrenia. Pellagra is not solely the product of undernourishment; it can be caused by faulty diet. One difficulty, however, is that American physicians or psychiatrists, especially in the Northeast area of the United States, have what is known in the profession as a "low index of recognition" for illnesses verging on pellagra, especially among middle- or upper-class patients. It is not unusual for such patients, exhibiting symptoms of disorientation, to be treated solely by psychiatric techniques in which the physical and dietary factors producing the psychoses may be ignored. Some of these patients are routinely sent to mental hospitals, where they may languish for years and where their psychoses may actually deepen because of feelings of abandonment or even persecution.

Some of the nation's most prestigious mental institutions are rigid to the point of being absurdly illogical in their opposition to megavitamin treatment. Two years ago, parents of a patient at the well-known McLean's Hospital near Boston asked the hospital

* Dr. Himwich is the editor of a newly published volume, *Biochemistry, Schizophrenias, and Affective Illnesses* (Baltimore: Williams & Wilkins, 1971). This book brings together a series of papers dealing with various aspects of chemical imbalance in the human body that affect the brain.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

THREE FAREWELLS

This must be a great poem, having been written by ten noted poets. As a matter of fact, it consists of a dozen first lines from twelve other poems, neatly plagiarized by Carol Linder King and her daughter Carol Linda King of San Diego, California. Match line to poet (two poets are represented by two lines each), or turn to page 48.

( ) Farewell, thou child of my right hand and joy;
( ) Remember me when I am gone away.
( ) If I should die, think only this of me:
( ) All human things are subject to decay.

( ) Farewell, too little and too lately known.
( ) Much have I traveled in the realms of gold;
( ) Earth has not anything to show more fair.
( ) To me, fair friend, you never can be old.

( ) Farewell, false love, the oracle of lies!
( ) Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
( ) What dire offense from am'rous causes springs,
( ) When by thy scorn, O murd'ress, I am dead.

1. Brooke
2. Donne
3. Dryden
4. Jonson
5. Keats
6. Pope
7. Ralegh
8. Christina Rossetti
9. Shakespeare
10. Wordsworth

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authorities to give their child niacin in accordance with the findings of Pauling and others. The McLean psychiatrists at the time refused on the grounds that their hospital was psychodynamically oriented and did not believe in medication. *Yet the same psychiatrists did not hesitate to administer Stelazine (trifluoperazine) and other powerful synthetic drugs.* These drugs were not regarded as medication although vitamins were excluded on that account. What made this situation all the more bizarre was that the McLean psychiatrists were apparently unaware of important research in vitamin therapy undertaken by a doctor, Mark D. Altschule, who did laboratory work at McLean's at the time. Altschule had reported his observations that 50 per cent of the patients treated outside hospitals with niacin showed definite improvement. In all fairness it should be pointed out that some patients at McLean's have since been given niacin since the incident mentioned above.

Altschule belongs to the school of psychiatry that believes mental patients should receive niacin therapy even though a diagnosis may point to predominantly emotional factors underlying the disease. It is important, however, to emphasize that these doctors use niacin not as the only item of treatment but as an integral part of a broad-spectrum approach concerned with both the emotional and physical health of the patient.

Dr. Thomas H. Ballantine, Jr., Harvard professor and neurosurgeon at Massachusetts General Hospital, reflects the new departure from orthodox Freudian approaches. "What has been shown beyond any reasonable doubts," he has said, "is that psychiatric illnesses are organically caused and can be organically treated. We certainly can't ignore upbringing and environment in accounting for mental illness, just as we can't ignore factors of sanitation and nutrition in assessing a person's chances of getting a disease like tuberculosis. But it can no longer be claimed that the brain is governed by different rules than other parts of the body."

The fact that some Freudian psychoanalysts tend to minimize physical or biochemical factors in mental disease is not to be held against Freud, whose earliest work was concerned with the interrelationships between mental and organic processes. In fact, some of his investigations anticipated the role of drugs in the treatment of mental states. Freud's later work, of course, was heavily psychoanalytical.

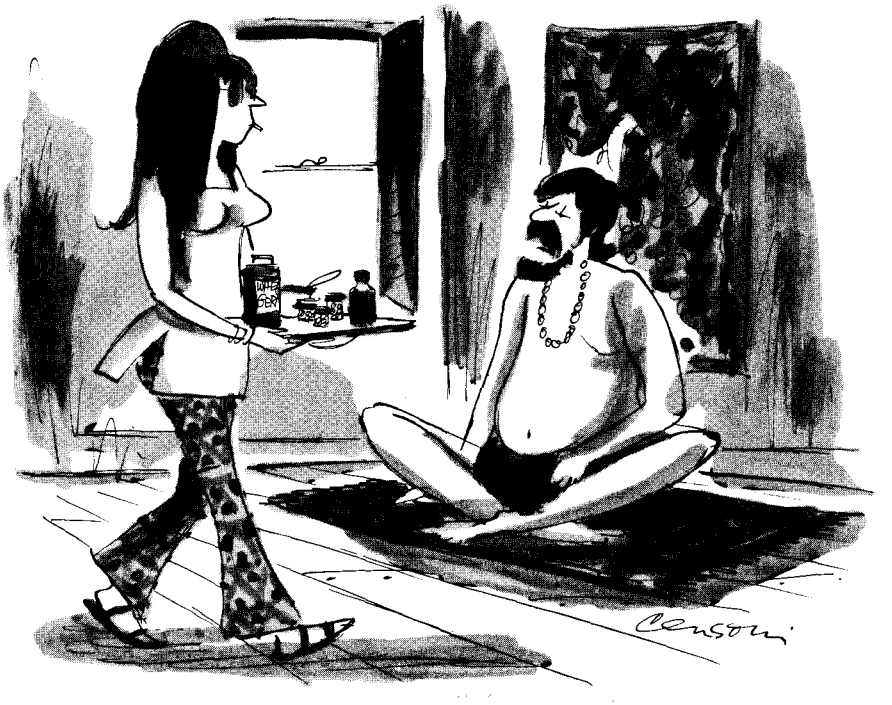
It is a tribute to the field of psychiatry that it has never been free of ferment. The range and depth of differences within the profession, however, have seldom been greater than they are today. These differences are spread over a wide area, of which challenges to Freudian theory occupy only one sector. Some practitioners, like the British psychiatrist R. D. Laing, are questioning many of the basic prevailing concepts about mental disease. They take issue with the practice and functions of mental institutions, tending to regard them more as conveniences for society than as valid treatment centers. Pioneers in chemotherapy like Nathan Kline have made historically powerful contributions to the science of treatment of mental patients without recourse to hospitals or psychoanalytical procedures. Established centers such as the Menninger Clinic at Topeka, Kansas, justify their national reputation by maintaining a constant process of reassessment and re-examination. For a long time New York and Boston dominated American psychiatry. But strong new centers have been growing up in St. Louis, Topeka, Chicago, Denver. These psychiatric centers no longer look to the Northeast for leadership. They are highly selective in what they take from Freud and are energetically pursuing neurological and biochemical research into the nature and functioning of the human brain.

Professor Pauling, like the researchers mentioned earlier, is attempting to use new knowledge, especially with respect to enzymatic activity, in bringing about an enlarged understanding of mental disease. His work may be disputed but it cannot be disregarded or dismissed out of hand.

Dr. Pauling's interest in Vitamin C therapy for colds began in 1966 when a fellow-biochemist suggested that daily doses of ascorbic acid would contribute to good health. Pauling accepted the advice, with positive personal results. He then learned of a statement by Dr. Fredrick J. Stare, the renowned Harvard University nutritionist, to the effect that Vitamin C is useless in the prevention or treatment of colds. Dr. Pauling looked into an experiment cited by Dr. Stare and discovered not only that it did not support the latter's conclusions but that there was a 15 per cent decrease in the incidence of colds among those who received dosages of 200 milligrams per day. Dr. Pauling contended that this dosage was severely inadequate; he suggested experiments with upwards of three grams (3,000 milligrams).

Dr. Stare replied to Dr. Pauling in the January/February, 1971, issue of *Nutrition Today*. He made no reference to the 15 per cent affirmative result in the experiment. His main contention was that the maximum quantity of Vitamin C that the human body can use effectively in a twenty-four-hour period is only 40 milligrams a day, or about a hundreth of the dose that figures in the Pauling thesis. Dr. Stare also disputed the generally held belief that Vitamin C is not toxic even in massive amounts; that is, in grams rather than milligrams.

This is where the issue between



"I'll have my wheat germ and vitamins after meditation today, Ellen. It'll give me something to look forward to."

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Stare and Pauling is clearly joined. How much ascorbic acid can the human body metabolize in a given period? What are the circumstances of varying needs? Do the demands of the body for Vitamin C increase sharply with infection or inflammation? Dr. Stare's article appears to make no distinction between the body's needs under conditions of health and under conditions of illness.

Professor Pauling's theory is built on the well-known fact that the human body neither manufactures nor stores Vitamin C, yet cannot live without it. Therefore, he says, large amounts ought to be made available in case of need. The question that grows out of this approach is whether the need for Vitamin C increases with the severity of the illness. Obviously, if there is a fixed metabolic limit per day—something on the order of 40 milligrams, as Professor Stare believes—then it makes no difference how much ascorbic acid is ingested or how ill a patient may be.

Here, then, is a clearly defined question for medical researchers. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive of a medical project which might be productive of more valuable answers. For the fact is that, despite the supposedly advanced state of knowledge about vitamins, there is still some mystery about how ascorbic acid functions. It is thought to play a role in the formation of collagen, the mysterious glue that holds cells together. Dr. Pauling believes ascorbic acid helps to prevent or cure colds by acting as a factor in the synthesis of interferon, a substance believed by some medical scientists to prevent the entrance of the cold virus into the cell.

Perhaps the most significant single fact about Vitamin C is that it helps to activate the adrenal glands, which produce powerful anti-inflammatory substances—epinephrine and steroids such as hydrocortisone. The quantity of epinephrine produced by the adrenal glands in response to the body's needs is so minute that it can barely be measured, though its effects on bodily function are remarkable.

Can Vitamin C be taken in unlimited quantities by *all* people without any adverse effects? Important questions have been raised in medical papers about the possibility that exceptionally high dosages of ascorbic acid, by acidifying the urine, may cause the formation of uric acid kidney stones. Moreover, some people with sensitive stomachs have experienced some discomfort with dosages in the range recommended by Dr. Pauling; that is, in thousands rather than hundreds of milligrams. But it is also true that many of these hypersensitive people

(*Continued on page* 44)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Chicago

THANK YOU for placing Perry Weed's comments next to Dan Walker's review of *Boss*, by Mike Royko [*SR*, Apr. 24].

Walker has good credentials as a liberal but is inexperienced in elective power politics, which is precisely where Mayor Daley is a model of the successful old pro. John Lindsay's New York mayoralty illustrates an alignment of liberalism with successful politicking, and analysis of his most recent electoral victory shows the precariousness of that alignment. Winning pluralities of majorities, be specific votes legal or illegal, are, after all, bedded in total constituencies. The extent to which Dan Walker seems not to grasp that truism is seen in the long odds local bookmakers give him in his gubernatorial candidacy.

Evaluating *Boss* may be done from any perspective. Evaluating Daley's régime requires not just Royko's perspective, or Walker's, but also and at least Weed's.

RIG STANTON,
Chicago, Ill.

IT IS HYSTERICALLY FUNNY to read apologies for Mayor Daley's inability to exercise moral leadership. Not that ethnic prejudices, taxpayer grumblings, and a "hostile [downstate only] legislature" aren't facts. It's just that they're not valid excuses either. There will always be such roadblocks. But what, then, is the purpose for the accumulation of all the power Daley has? If it is not to do battle for some of the civilizing possibilities, what is its goal? One has to suspect not much more than to perpetuate itself.

Of course Mike's book is personal; he's lived all of his life in the milieu he describes. Bitter? Not really, though he has reason to be so as he contemplates City Hall. More a wry cynicism beyond surprise at anything that may happen. Superficial and simplistic? Mike's purpose wasn't to write the definitive statistical-legal compendium. He's a journalist, one of the best in the country. And he's done a masterful job of telling in a readable way what really goes on when a group of politically astute mediocrities decides (quite sincerely, by the way) that it owns a city. That is the tragedy. They're sincere. By and large they *don't* see anything wrong in what they're doing. What a waste when one thinks of what magnificent things could be done with the kind of machine "His Honor" has at his disposal.

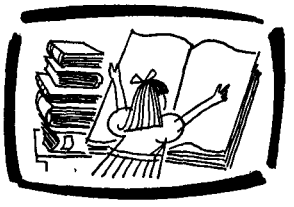
E. M. NIELSEN,
Glenview, Ill.

MR. WEED SEEMS TO SAY that the Chicago system, a de facto fiefdom, is not Daley's fault, that Royko presents Daley as a monolithic power when in fact Daley's power is highly circumscribed by the white ethnic voter. At the same time Weed takes Royko to task for superficiality in reporting on the structure of Chicago neighborhoods. Mike Royko's credentials as a product of Chicago's "bungalow belt" (his felicitous phrase, not mine) are unimpeachable. I personally grew up and lived for years on the East Side, a mixed-ethnic white enclave near the Indiana State Line, where the same kinds of narrowly racist sentiments are voiced daily as in Bridgeport or Royko's own Northwest Side. Every word Mike Royko says is true. I know how difficult it is for the sons and daughters of European immigrants to pull themselves up, to buy "homes," and to try to exist in today's inflated economy. It is still not fair for us or for the Daley machine to try to clamp the lid on blacks, Puerto Ricans, Chicanos, Indians, Appalachian whites, and others who seek to join the same upwardly mobile path.

JEAN KALWA,
Sauk Village, Ill.

No Altruism Seeded in Salacity

JOHN LEAR'S REVIEW of *The Gerber Report* [*SR*, Apr. 17] is clearly a very important criticism of a very important book. Why can the USSR turn out so many more doctors, and supply so many more of them to underprivileged nations, than we do, when they have fewer resources available to run their economy in the first place? I would relate this sad fact more to the decadence of our democracy than to any innate superiority of the socialist approach. Notice, for instance, Arthur Knight's tolerant comments on X-rated movies [*SR*, Mar. 6], and Virginia Beck's agreement with Knight [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Apr. 10]. How likely will it be that such lovers of



salacious self-indulgence will inspire any youngsters to take up an altruistic career in medicine? More likely they will inspire only the sort of search for selfish gain that has, as Lear and Gerber point out, led the AMA to discourage medical enrollments in order to raise the average salary of the remaining physicians—or to suppress knowledge of such marvelous cures as Vitamin E, which would reduce their fees for treatment of heart disease (a fact not mentioned in Lear's review but amply documented in books by Herbert Bailey, Wilfrid Shute, and others).

JOHN E. CHAPPEL, JR.,
Ogden, Utah

WHO IS JOHN LEAR? What are his qualifications? He offers a plan to salvage the American medical educational system but

(*Continued on page* 55)

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BACK TO AFRICA:
A History of Sierra Leone and Liberia

by Richard West

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 357 pp., $6.95

LIBERIA:
Black Africa in Microcosm

by Charles Morrow Wilson

Harper & Row, 249 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Charles Miller

■ Few sociopolitical experiments have set their sights as high as did the nineteenth-century "back to Africa" movement that created the British and American freed-slave colonies of Sierra Leone and Liberia. Black settlers, it was believed by the white sponsors of the emigration, would not only thrive in the land of their origin but would swiftly spread the benefits of Western civilization among countless African tribesmen still living in "savagery." Today, however, while nearly all the other nations of black Africa are coming to grips realistically with the problems of post-colonial development, Sierra Leone and Liberia have degenerated into Amos 'n' Andy banana republics that almost seem to beg for ridicule. Why did they fail?

A good question, especially when one considers how far both countries had advanced by the mid-nineteenth century. In his fittingly titled *Back to Africa,* a thoughtful examination of the movement that is also fun to read, British journalist Richard West tells us much about the two most progressive black societies of the era. In Sierra Leone, "over a hundred years before the 'wind of change,' black people took part in the management of a modern state. Black businessmen, doctors and lawyers . . . competed as equals with whites. . . . The white Victorians, always alive to social as well as racial distinctions, talked of the new phenomenon of 'black gentlemen.'" Liberia, which became Africa's first black republic in 1847, also basked in a golden age, boasting an élite no less gifted than that of Sierra Leone's "Creoles"; Joseph Jenkins Roberts, the country's first president, was described by the visiting American Commodore Matthew Galbraith Perry as "irrefragable proof of the capability of colored people to govern themselves."

While the two countries had many such well-wishers, it can be said that their enemies put them on the map. Sierra Leone came under the guns of Sir Richard Burton, the distinguished explorer-scholar who was also history's most eloquent negrophobe. Following a three-day visit to the colony in 1862, Burton wrote a best-selling book that West calls a "savage caricature of the . . . Creoles . . . often distorted, crass and silly"—but which nonetheless "had a lasting influence on the British public." Liberia's American nemesis, on the other hand, could hardly have been called a racist. He was, in fact, the abolitionist William Lloyd Garrison, whose newspaper, the *Liberator,* "gave ten times as much space to attacking colonization as it gave to attacking slavery itself." Among other things, Garrison argued that Liberia degraded its American black settlers by forcing them to become exploiters of African tribesmen. While this charge was not entirely without foundation, Garrison "ignored the many successes of Liberia" and "distorted the motives and methods of its creators." His wrathful writings "dealt a serious blow to the colonizationists' cause."

These assaults, however, were not fatal, since the people of Sierra Leone and Liberia stood every chance of surmounting their own shortcomings. What, then, caused them to come apart at the seams? To West, the answer is clear: "The decline of the two countries into their present shoddy condition is to be blamed not on the citizens but on European imperialism."

In supporting that contention, West illustrates how even a member of the British Empire—in this case Sierra Leone—could fall prey to the imperial dynamic. Briefly put, late nineteenth-century European commercial expansionism witnessed the advent in Africa of large British trading companies which, "thanks to their massive capital . . . could buy in bulk to undersell smaller competitors." The effect of this in Sierra Leone was to squeeze out the Creoles, not only from their previous domination of a lucrative palm products market but from the key role they had played in the country's government. Although the white irruption did bring certain economic benefits to the majority of African tribesmen in the colony, Sierra Leone's original *raison d'être*—black settler influence and example—was utterly wiped out. The Creoles "lingered on, as a separate and rather pathetic group . . . but their power and spirit were broken," while a concurrent emergence of tribal rivalries set the stage for the near-anarchy that has crippled the country since its independence ten years ago.

Liberia, too, was hit hard, not only by the European commercial piledriver but by her own sovereignty, which made her a sitting duck to be carved up during the "scramble" for Africa. In barely two decades more than half of Liberia's territory was abstracted by Britain and France, and by the early 1900s the republic was an economic basket case, "so weak that only the mutual rivalry of the Great Powers prevented any one of them from an-

"Why don't we get crew cuts or something to attract attention?"

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nexing her." Even so, what probably saved Liberia's "independence" was the simple fact that in 1926 she became, to all practical purposes, a protectorate of the U.S. Firestone Rubber Company. Not that the revenues which the Firestone plantations brought into the empty Liberian coffers—followed later by earnings from one of the world's richest iron ore deposits—succeeded in removing the smog of squalor and misfeasance that had permeated the country since its earlier dismemberment. West's comments do not exaggerate: "In most West African cities poverty is relieved by charm. Monrovia [Liberia's capital] is unique in its overwhelming nastiness. . . . The venality and sheer knavery of the Liberian ruling class is impossible to describe. . . . In Liberia, more than anywhere else in black Africa, one is struck by the gross contrast of rich and poor, of ruler and ruled." As for Liberia's once-proud goals, "the country that was founded to bring civilization to Africa now has to rely for its artisans on Nigeria and Ghana, which, only a hundred years ago, were still primitive societies."

An intriguing if somewhat erratic companion-piece to West's book is Charles Morrow Wilson's *Liberia*, which seeks to present the country as a little less than wretched. Wilson, a former Firestone executive with long experience in Liberia, is certainly qualified to try, and he rates an "A" for effort, especially in reminding us that Liberia can legitimately claim certain assets which West either plays down or overlooks. Among other resources, Wilson points to an ever-improving climate of integration among the tribesmen and the descendants of the freed-slave settlers, a favorable trade balance, and—perhaps astonishingly—a status as "one of the better credit risks in all the family of nations." It should also be said, however, that the book suffers from Wilson's tendency to inflate Liberia's nonexistent importance. His profiles of prominent political figures sometimes read like campaign literature, and he verges on the ludicrous in portraying the shanty-town republic as a "bellwether for the newer Africa" which "quite properly . . . is being emulated and imitated." (One is compelled to ask: "Imitated by whom?") At the same time, paradoxically and candidly, Wilson does not shrink from painting in the warts, and the book comes over as a useful, balanced, and often exciting informal history. One can even forgive the author his lyrical extravagances; Liberia needs all the kind words she can get.

Charles Miller is the author of "The Lunatic Express," an informal history of British East Africa, to be published this fall.

"Male chauvinist pig!"

LOVE IN THE RUINS

by Walker Percy

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 403 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Joseph Catinella

■ What happens to the United States at a time that could very well be the end of the world? A great deal happens and, though it's no laughing matter, Walker Percy makes it seem extraordinarily funny.

Love in the Ruins is Mr. Percy's third novel, and it's a beauty—a stunning satire conceived with mock-heroic intensity, peopled by absurd but recognizable human beings, and written with a gusto that makes most doomsday books look like effete comic strips. Imagine an Armageddon in which Mr. Percy and Evelyn Waugh take up arms against Abbie Hoffman, Martha Mitchell, and Masters and Johnson, and you'll have some idea of the wild, ultimately profound pleasure this novel provides.

The time is the distant future (*Ice Capades of 1981* is on TV reruns), and the country is in a mess. The Knothead Party—the former Republican Party—is composed of superconservative thugs who support America's involvement in the sixteen-year-old Ecuadorian War, and it has a Christian wing that proclaims Jesus "the greatest pro of them all." The Democrats have slid all the way to the left, an eerie bunch of bird watchers, behavioral scientists, and spokesmen for "creative nonviolent violence," some of whom are sexually impotent. Certain signs of stability remain: Harold Robbins and Jacqueline Susann are still writing novels, and Gore Vidal has become a kind of American prosateur laureate.

But there's trouble in Paradise Estates, a Louisiana suburb whose nearby swamps are filled with drugheads, dropouts, and Bantu guerrillas. These people threaten the peace of the community, where blacks and whites, Knotheads and Leftists, are trying to live in harmony. An ironic defender of order in Paradise is Dr. Thomas More: widower, psychiatrist, alcoholic, "bad Catholic," descendant of the sixteenth-century knight, and inventor of More's "Ontological Lapsometer," an electrical device that explores the brain and diagnoses man's lapse from a state of true, unified being.

Dr. More, when he's not chasing girls, attempting suicide, or downing gin fizzes, regards his machine as an instrument for healing the Cartesian split between matter and mind, body and soul. According to More, man suffers from prolonged flights of "angelism," which abstract him from earthly

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realities and send him soaring into purely theoretical realms. Propelled by theories, a person easily embraces anti-human ideologies, viewing people as objects to be manipulated, attacked, and sometimes murdered.

In Paradise Estates the local medical complex houses a geriatric ward ("Gerry Rehab"), where old people who resist the reconditioning techniques of Skinner boxes are sent to "The Permanent Separation Center at Jekyll, Georgia." Here the "Euphoric On-Switch" hurls them into eternity. At the Paradise Love Clinic, paid volunteers receive orgasms transmitted by a "console of vaginal indicators," manned by an ex-priest who reads *Commonweal* and a female gynecologist who has the finesse of a storm trooper.

This is choice satire, reminiscent of the wintry Welfare State through which Miles Plastic, the dehumanized hero of Evelyn Waugh's *Love Among the Ruins*, moved. But we're now living in the ruins of Paradise, an America rank with false hopes and misbegotten dreams: improved technology, regular orgasms, bloodless blueprints for racial and political action that inevitably cause blood to flow.

Mr. Percy never loses his balance or his humor. A satirical Virgil guiding Dante through hell, he leads his narrator in and out of hilarious but sobering circles that reveal Dr. More's cardinal sin—his belief that a machine can cure the ills caused by mechanistic visions of life. When a demonic "liaison fellow from Washington" distributes Lapsometers at a medical conference —passing out samples to students, proctologists, psychiatrists, and Love clinicians—he unleashes a comic *Walpurgisnacht* in which all the furies of our time can be coolly appraised. Dr. More may condemn "angelism" (the term Jacques Maritain used when he described the dualism of Descartes), but Mr. Percy persuades his readers to look dispassionately at the material, the best angle from which the satire can be weighed and relished.

"Angelism," or man's estrangement from himself, is a subject that has absorbed some of Mr. Percy's attention in the past. *The Moviegoer*, which received the National Book Award in 1962, traced Binx Bolling's "search" for meaning until, frustrated by his failure to endow life with any dimension, he concluded: "I know nothing and there is nothing to do but fall prey to desire." Like Williston Bibb in *The Last Gentleman*, however, Binx vaguely perceived that a self can create its own significance—not by watching movies, or assuming a variety of social roles, but by submitting to despair, at which point a man is free to choose the course his life will take.

Who cares about existential choices when the world is about to collapse? Dr. More cares. An errant Catholic who believes in God, a victim of odd rages and "morning terrors," he invents certain delights: listening to Mozart and Brahms, reading a good book, enjoying Christmas (even the grim, commercial Christmas), and sharing a warm bed with a warm woman.

There are many surprises in this novel, though they won't please anyone who'd like the bomb to fall tomorrow. Mr. Percy, the least malicious of satirists, devises a lively, complex, strangely heartening end to his story. Dr. More discovers how difficult it is to unify himself, much less other people, and he'll probably never be half the saint his ancestor was. Still, just at the moment when the world looks doomed, when Paradise seems lost forever, a healthy Presbyterian nurse takes him by the hand and. . . .

Better read the book. It may not save the world, but it will banish your morning terrors.

Joseph Catinella is a New York-based writer and reviewer.

WIT TWISTER #217

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Through seas of _ _ _ _ _
they have flown—
These _ _ _ _ _ explorers of
far skies—
And _ _ _ _ _ have seen
things once unknown
By any save immortal eyes.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page* 55)

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THE MORTAL GODS

by Maurice Dolbier

Dial, 279 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Edwin Fadiman, Jr.

■ Maurice Dolbier's *The Mortal Gods* has thirty-six characters. Of these, twelve are major personages. Or perhaps we should say players, since Mr. Dolbier's novel explores the lives of an eminent theatrical family—the Jovians—in the London of 1895.

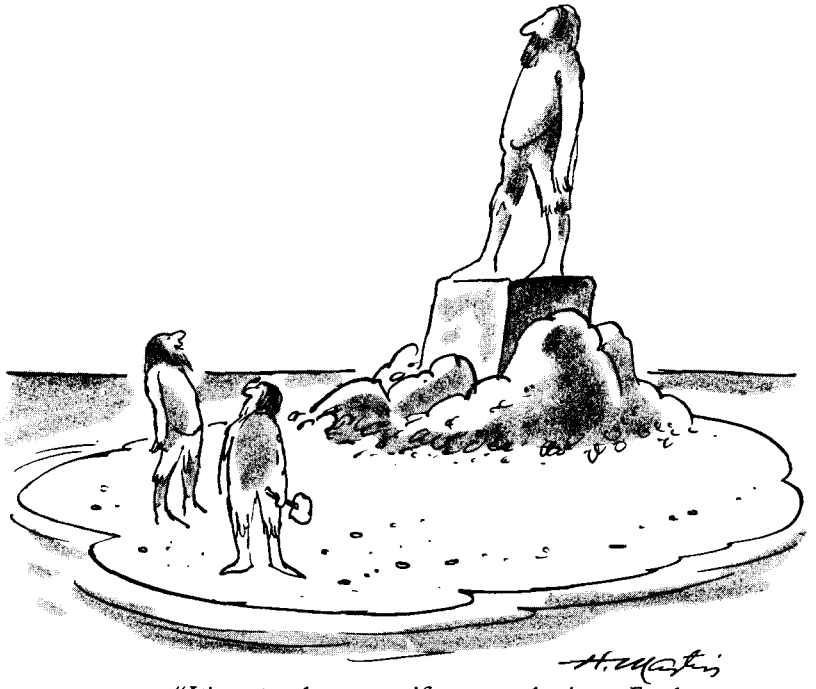
Robert Jovian, paterfamilias and actor-manager of a company of performers at the family-owned Olympian Theatre, is at the height of his career. He's a trifle long-i'-the-tooth (over sixty), but this occurs to no one—certainly not to him—until he discovers a talented amateur actress, Emily Holm, and offers her, just like that, the role of Juliet opposite his Romeo in his first production of the season.

Robert Jovian's is a large family, and they react to Emily in their own peculiar ways. His wife, June, is reserved, but willing to become suspicious of her husband's young protégée at the proper time. Mark, Robert's youngest son, couldn't care less. He's too busy discovering the pleasures of turn-of-the-century homosexuality in the arms of his friend, Frederick "Bonzo" Bonsell. Both Mark and Bonzo are more than casually acquainted with the "lavender mob," whose leader, Oscar Wilde, never makes an outright appearance in the story but can be glimpsed from time to time via dialogue.

Then there's Captain Marshall Jovian, a foulmouthed, foul-mannered stereotype of the worst of British military aristocracy. He doesn't care for poor Emily either, preferring the luscious charms of his foster brother's wife, Cytherea. While he makes love to her in the bedroom, her husband, Festus Gordon, plays in the back room with his toy soldiers. And there's Conrad Hallam, a flatulent Shavian socialist, who *is* concerned about Emily and finally marries her. I could continue, but the temptation to stop is irresistible. The interesting thing is that Dolbier can write, quite capably indeed. All of his people live and move, and if they are merely puppets on a stage, their strings are well concealed from the audience. Only, nothing of importance happens. You read page after page, secure in the conviction that this cat's cradle of a story will finally unwind, finally reveal some theme or statement. But the narrative ambles amiably through 279 pages, and then serenely stops. It's frustrating.

The views along the way are vivid, though, and the atmosphere of the times beautifully conveyed. If your interest lies in what the homosexuals of 1895 were doing, or in the Green Room of a London theatre circa 1890, read *The Mortal Gods* by all means. Though it lacks the meatiness I prefer, the novel is a civilized entertainment.

Edwin Fadiman, Jr.'s latest novel is "The One-Eyed King."



"It's not only a magnificent work of art, Fred, it's also a fine tribute to a long friendship."

Linus Pauling

Continued from page 40

discover that their discomfort tends to disappear if the doses are taken together with food and fluids. (Since vitamins are processed in the body by enzymatic action, doctors who prescribe vitamins usually stress that they work best taken at mealtime.)

Only recently, Dr. Ralph Mumma, of Pennsylvania State University, reported that a derivative of ascorbic acid, when given to experimental animals in large doses, accelerated the excretion of cholesterol. The possibility raised by Professor Mumma was that some form of ascorbic acid might one day be used to remit or prevent atherosclerosis in human beings.

In the treatment of human beings for serious disease, one case does exist in which exceptionally high doses of ascorbic acid have been used with apparently positive results. This case involved a patient who had been hospitalized because of disintegration of connective tissue in the spine and joints, cause unknown. The inflammation accompanying the illness produced, at its peak, a blood sedimentation rate of 115. Vitamin C was administered intravenously in dosages substantially in excess of any amount then recorded in the medical literature. The dose began at 10,000 international units and was stepped up day by day until it reached an intravenous level of 25,000 units. The sedimentation rate dropped after each administration until it fell below the critical danger line.

A single case, of course, is far too slender a basis for drawing conclusions and tends to be anecdotal rather than clinically significant. It is conceivable, moreover, that the reduction of the sedimentation rate in the case just cited was unrelated to the massive intravenous dosages. Nor can we be sure that the recovery might not even have been more rapid without the C. In any event, it would be salutary indeed if medical researchers could look into the central question at the heart of the debate between Professor Pauling and Professor Stare—that is, what the body's needs are with respect to ascorbic acid, under ordinary and extraordinary circumstances.

Meanwhile, whether the issue concerns the common cold or mental disease or any of the areas that have claimed Dr. Pauling's interest, he should be confronted only on the highest ground. Professional prerogatives or even tradition should not be allowed to outweigh the possibility that his work could lead to a genuine improvement in the human condition.

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Suffering in Translation

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

With an increasing number of international institutions and conferences in the field of children's books, and with editors from the United States attending European book fairs, it seems probable that even more translations of children's books written in other languages will be published here.

A number of American editors also cross the Atlantic periodically to see what's available. One forceful woman, now retired, was referred to by her colleagues as "The Vacuum Cleaner" because of the wide sweep she made each year accumulating a crop of foreign books. At the same time, I've met editors from six countries at conferences in the United States, diligently prowling around publishers' exhibits to see what they can find, and there are certainly many more whom I've not encountered. Occasionally an editor from another country has a sufficient command of colloquial English to do her own translating, but most of them have to rely, as American editors do, on professional translators. And what a lot depends on them.

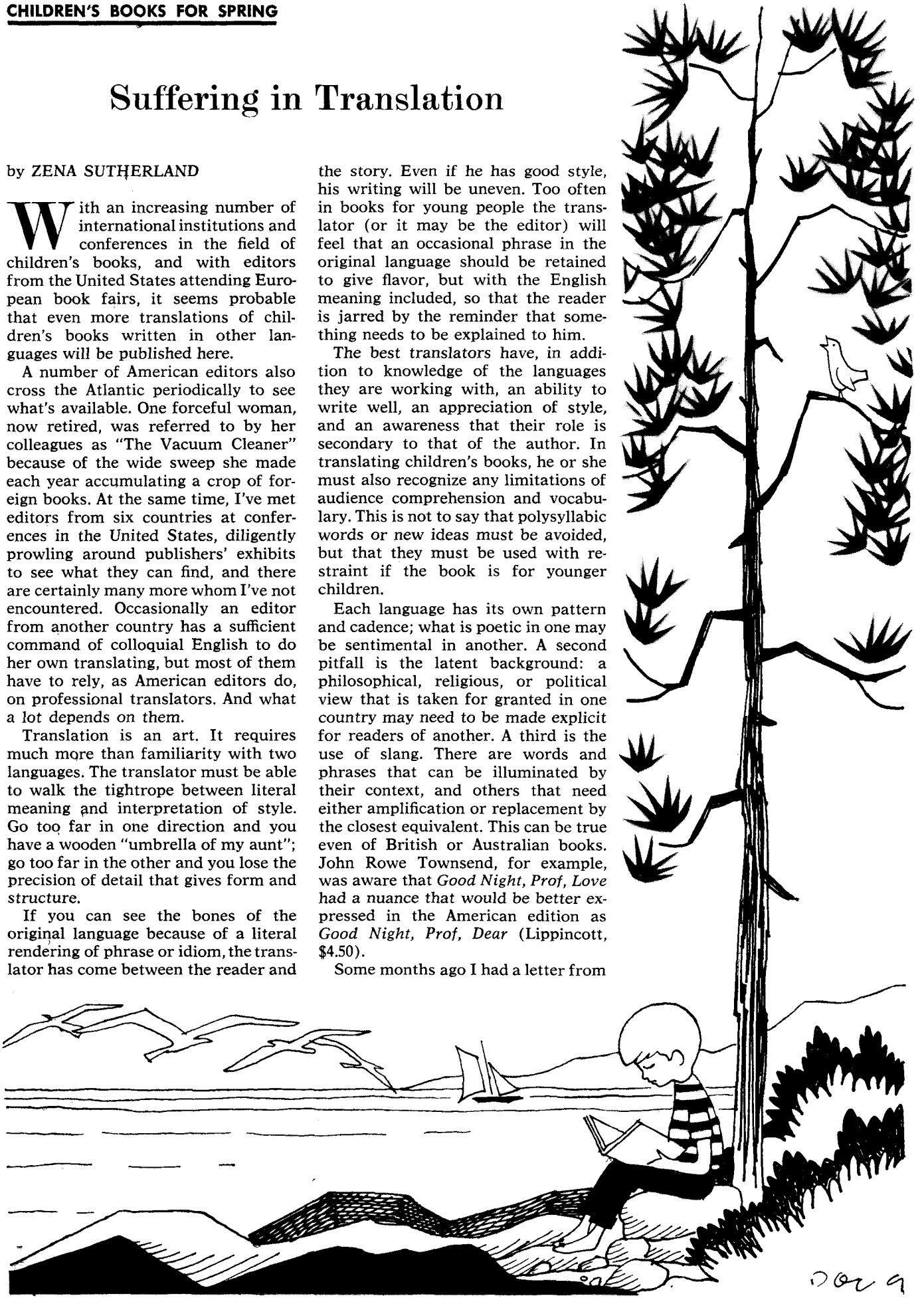
Translation is an art. It requires much more than familiarity with two languages. The translator must be able to walk the tightrope between literal meaning and interpretation of style. Go too far in one direction and you have a wooden "umbrella of my aunt"; go too far in the other and you lose the precision of detail that gives form and structure.

If you can see the bones of the original language because of a literal rendering of phrase or idiom, the translator has come between the reader and the story. Even if he has good style, his writing will be uneven. Too often in books for young people the translator (or it may be the editor) will feel that an occasional phrase in the original language should be retained to give flavor, but with the English meaning included, so that the reader is jarred by the reminder that something needs to be explained to him.

The best translators have, in addition to knowledge of the languages they are working with, an ability to write well, an appreciation of style, and an awareness that their role is secondary to that of the author. In translating children's books, he or she must also recognize any limitations of audience comprehension and vocabulary. This is not to say that polysyllabic words or new ideas must be avoided, but that they must be used with restraint if the book is for younger children.

Each language has its own pattern and cadence; what is poetic in one may be sentimental in another. A second pitfall is the latent background: a philosophical, religious, or political view that is taken for granted in one country may need to be made explicit for readers of another. A third is the use of slang. There are words and phrases that can be illuminated by their context, and others that need either amplification or replacement by the closest equivalent. This can be true even of British or Australian books. John Rowe Townsend, for example, was aware that *Good Night, Prof, Love* had a nuance that would be better expressed in the American edition as *Good Night, Prof, Dear* (Lippincott, $4.50).

Some months ago I had a letter from



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one of the most eminent children's authors in Spain. Her Italian publisher had sold one of her books to an American house. "Where," she writes, "did those people find this translator, who does *not* know a bit of Spanish, and is capable of writing those enormous things as 'the ladies were embroidering *helmets*' and changes again and again 'Don Rodriguez' to 'Don Rodrigo' —that is just hilarious—and does *not* translate but only 'digest' in the worst way my books. . . It should not have been difficult to find one who at the same time knew my language and a little history or literature." I didn't have the heart to tell her that the American publisher's edition of her story of Don Quixote states that "Don mounted his horse."

Changes, Changes. *By Pat Hutchins. Macmillan.* 30 *pp.* $4.95. To the growing number of books in which pictures alone tell the story, add a newcomer that has a different quality. Two stiff little clothespin-style dolls engage in frenzied activity with an assortment of blocks. They cheerfully erect a house and stand in the doorways, posed like figures in a clock. The house catches fire; they rescue their blocks and build a fire engine; the fire engine begins to float because there's so much water, and so on—until the smiling little man and woman stand in the doorways of another house. It's an easy story for the very young child to understand, a stimulus for imaginative play, and a fresh, merry book visually. Ages 2-5.

Brian Wildsmith's Circus. *Written and illustrated by Brian Wildsmith. Watts.* 32 *pp.* $4.95. Enclosed between a notice that the circus is coming to town and an announcement of its move to the next place is a series of pictures with no text. In double-page spreads Brian Wildsmith has painted vibrant, beautiful illustrations of animals and acrobats, clowns and jugglers, birds on a seesaw, and the full panoply of a circus parade. The pictures have action and humor and, as is usual with Wildsmith, are remarkable for the quality of the colors. Ages 2-5.

Three Aesop Fox Fables. *By Paul Galdone. Seabury.* 32 *pp.* $4.50. Paul Galdone's bright-eyed fox is the quintessence of merry cunning in "The Fox and the Crow," the picture of rueful dejection in "The Fox and the Stork," and a very model of spurious contempt in "The Fox and the Grapes." The pictures, full of movement and humor, are especially good for showing to a group because of the large animal figures and simple composition. Ages 4-7.

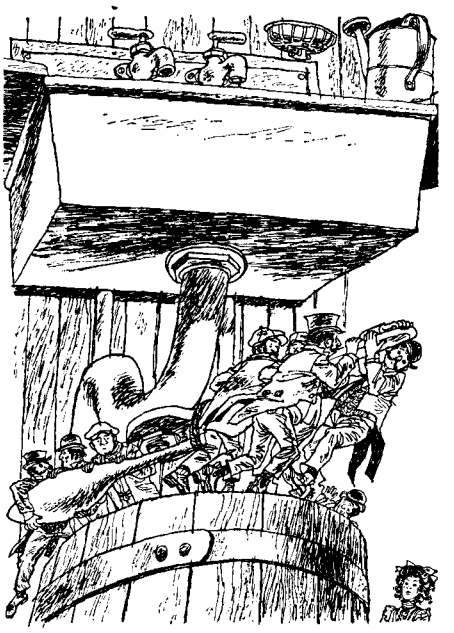
Penguins, of All People! *Written and illustrated by Don Freeman. Viking.* 32 *pp.* $4.95. The comic dignity of a waddling penguin makes it a perfect symbol for a lightly spun message about relationships. The story is pure fun, but the idea of international friendship gives it a solid core. Invited to attend a special meeting of the United Nations, Ambassador Peary Penguin rebukes his small son Pengo for saying "Aark aark" (Penguinese, of course, for "Have fun") as they part. But it is this very phrase that ends the gloomy frowns at the meeting and stirs the U.N. delegates to be friendly, have fun, and live in peace. At home, Peary reports that people "talk more than we do, and they look funny when they walk." Lively pictures, bouncy tale. Ages 5-7.

How Droofus the Dragon Lost His Head. *Written and illustrated by Bill Peet. Houghton Mifflin.* 48 *pp.* $4.25. Once upon a time a family of dragons were flying around looking for trouble, and they lost their youngest member in a fog. That was Droofus, aged four. Droofus had renounced things of the flesh and grown up to be an amiable and herbivorous beast when he became general handyman for a farmer. The King had offered a reward for the dragon's head, but the farmer refused to give him up, so they compromised: on festival days Droofus would grace the scene by sticking his head out a castle window. A slight story, but the illustrations have a captivating insouciance. Ages 5-7.

The Talking Machine. *By Miguel Angel Asturias. Translated from the Spanish by Beverly Koch. Illustrated by Jacqueline Duhême. Doubleday.* 47 *pp.* $4.95. Although *The Talking Machine* has some moments of comedy, it is not the striking book one would expect from a winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature. It's a situation comedy: frogs do things people do. Ranita, greenest and laziest of frogs, her little mouth "as sweet as a kiss" and her dress (mini-length in the illustrations) gathered up "enough to show her trim green ankles," goes shopping for a talking machine and comes back with a carefully wrapped box. Her family is apprehensive. A tape recorder? Punch line: "But it's a parrot!" Small box produces bird ten times the size of the frog. Ages 5-8.

All Upon a Stone. *By Jean Craighead George. Illustrated by Don Bolognese. Crowell.* 46 *pp.* $3.95. Craggy and solid, the gray stone lies in the woods. It is damp, moss-covered, and inert, and seems to harbor no life. But as one follows a diligent mole cricket searching for other mole crickets, it becomes clear that myriad life-forms exist under and on the rock, or in a pool filling a depression in it. This lucid and direct story capably conveys the fact that each creature lives in its own inhabited world, no less varied for being small in scale. The illustrations are attractive, each being a portion of the final picture, which shows the entire community. Ages 7-8.

Why People Are Different Colors. *By Julian May. Illustrated by Symeon Shimin. Holiday.* 36 *pp.* $4.50. Although the title is misleading (the text covers many more features than skin color), the discussion of physical variations among races makes it clear that these can be attributed to environmental adaptation. Melanin is not mentioned, but the relationship between skin color and amount of sunlight is briefly described. This is a welcome addition to



—From "Poor Stainless"

the other good books on the subject because it is clear and simple, reaffirms the superficiality of racial differences, and is illustrated with wonderful fidelity to detail. Ages 7-9.

Poor Stainless. *By Mary Norton. Illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.* 32 *pp.* $3.25. For all the children who have yearned for another book about The Borrowers, the tiny people who lead a secret life in the forgotten crannies of houses, here it is. Arrietty has begged Homily to tell a story of her youth, and Homily remembers the dreadful time one of her neighbors was lost. Poor Stainless had disappeared, and all the Borrowers bravely organized a mammoth search, risking the terrible danger of being seen by one of the huge human creatures in the house. The tale has vitality, and the illustrations are filled with charming details, but it's still the concept of the miniature community that has the greatest appeal. Ages 8-10.

The Easter Cat. *By Meindert DeJong. Illustrated by Lillian Hoban. Macmillan.* 110 *pp.* $4.95. Living with but her mother and an adult brother, Millicent was lonely. She understood that she couldn't have a cat in the house because her mother was allergic to them, but a cat was the one thing in the world she wanted. So it seemed a miracle when she went downstairs at dawn on Easter Sunday and found a kitten. Although her subsequent retreat to a secret room under the porch is told at rather protracted length, the happy ending is both believable and satisfying, and the story has an engaging warmth and gentle humor. Ages 8-10.

Persephone: Bringer of Spring. *Retold by Sarah F. Tomaino. Illustrated by Ati Forberg. Crowell.* 38 *pp.* $4.50. A familiar Greek myth is narrated with a graceful simplicity, beautifully complemented by striking illustrations in which color is used with restraint and, on alternate pages, black-and-white pictures have dramatic

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vigor. The grief of the goddess Demeter at the loss of her daughter Persephone, the possessive love of Persephone's husband, and the contrast between the dark brilliance of the underworld kingdom and the glorious flowering of earth's springtime when Persephone returns each year are rendered with dignity. Good for reading aloud to younger children and for independent reading by ages 8-10.

Luvvy and the Girls. *By Natalie Savage Carlson. Illustrated by Thomas di Grazia. Harper & Row.* 159 *pp.* $3.95. In *The Half Sisters* (*SR*, July 25, 1970) Luvvy had yearned to go away to school with The Girls, and now she is twelve years old and a pupil at Visitation Academy. She has trouble adjusting to the decorum of boarding-school life in 1915, but Luvvy's real problem is accepting her classmates. While the story is anecdotal, there's no lack of action or continuity, and the characterizations and settings ring absolutely true. Ages 8-11.

The Trees Stand Shining: Poetry of the North American Indians. *Selected by Hettie Jones. Illustrated by Robert Andrew Parker. Dial.* 32 *pp.* $4.95. Fluid and colorful paintings face each page of text in a spacious format. The poems are brief, grouped by subject, with tribal sources cited. They are actual songs, untitled, fragmentary, often poignant, and sometimes reminiscent of the pregnant brevity of *haiku.* Beautiful. Ages 8-11.

The Night Daddy. *By Maria Gripe. Translated from the Swedish by Gerry Bothmer. Illustrated by Harald Gripe. Delacorte.* 151 *pp.* $4.50. Since Julia's mother is on night nursing duty, she has hired a young man, a writer, to stay with her small daughter. Irritated at first, Julia is quickly captivated by the gentle and sensitive man who becomes both a substitute father and a friend. Although it is satisfying to the child to be able to tell her friends that she has a daddy, it is primarily the friendship that deepens and grows. The man and the child write alternate chapters, a device used most effectively. The story has a direct, ingenuous style and a warmth and affection that are truly touching. Ages 9-11.

Gianni and the Ogre. *By Ruth Manning-Sanders. Illustrated by William Stobbs. Dutton.* 192 *pp.* $4.95. Forceful black-and-white pictures illustrate eighteen tales from the Mediterranean region. Ogres are outwitted; a spider proves to be an enchanted princess; a poor lad is repaid by the animals he has helped; Stephano climbs a bean tree to find, not a giant, but St. Peter, and a ragamuffin called Kabadaluk becomes rich enough to be welcomed as a bridegroom for the Sultan's beautiful daughter. In other words, the familiar themes of a thousand fairy tales appear in new dress, told with consummate style and humor. The book is fine for reading alone but begs to be read aloud. Ages 9-11.

I'm Nobody! Who Are You?: The Story of Emily Dickinson. *By Edna Barth. Illustrated by Richard Cuffari. Seabury.* 128 *pp.* $4.95. Based on firm research, and written with sensitivity, this biography gives a vivid picture, sympathetic and appreciative yet never adulatory, of the shy and passionate poet. Fragments of Dickinson's poems are used to illuminate her life; the full texts are printed at the end of the book. Also appended are a bibliography and a list of sources. An excellent introduction for the reader aged 10-13.

Arms and Armor in Africa. *Written and illustrated by Helmut Nickel. Illustrated with photographs. Atheneum.* 58 *pp.* $5.25. An intriguing compilation of facts about weapons, meticulously illustrated, that are either quite ancient or quite modern, since none have survived from the interim years. The descriptions, grouped by geographical region, discuss tribal cultures and patterns of warfare and hunting. The writing is straightforward and informal. Ages 10-13.

Sour Land. *By William H. Armstrong. Harper & Row.* 117 *pp.* $3.95. Last year's Newbery Award winner, *Sounder*, was about a nameless boy who sought an education. In *Sour Land* he reappears as an elderly black who, just arrived in a rural community, becomes a fast friend of white Anson Stone and his children. Because he is educated Moses Waters has enemies, and eventually he is murdered to prevent him from testifying at the trial of two white men who have raped a black teenager. While the message about prejudice and hate is clear, it is almost obscured by

—*From "Persephone: Bringer of Spring"*

the sanctimonious atmosphere in which Armstrong has enveloped his hero. Moses is so infallibly good, wise, omniscient, and patient that he strains credulity. Ages 11-13.

Pulga. *By S. R. van Iterson. Translated from the Dutch by Alexander and Alison Gode. Morrow.* 240 *pp.* $4.95. Pulga (Flea) was what he had been called for so long he hardly remembered his real name. One of Bogotá's drifting poor, Pulga hardly looked his fifteen years, and it was only through kindness that Gilimon, the truck driver, took him on as helper. Pulga's experiences are interesting in themselves, apart from the unusual setting. The cumulative effect of his adventures changes the boy: Having learned that he can cope with problems, and having broadened his horizon by seeing other ways of living, he begins to feel for the first time that it is possible to take the initiative in life. Ages 11-14.

Reggie and Nilma. *By Louise Tanner. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* 184 *pp.* $4.50. "My

PENGUINS, OF ALL PEOPLE!
by Don Freeman
Illustrated by the author
Peary B. Penguin heads a delegation from Antarctica to the United Nations. "The scenic watercolors of the Antarctic, New York Harbor, and the U.N. have a breadth and luminosity that make the subjects impressive." —*Kirkus Reviews.* Ages 4-7 $4.95

PETER BULL
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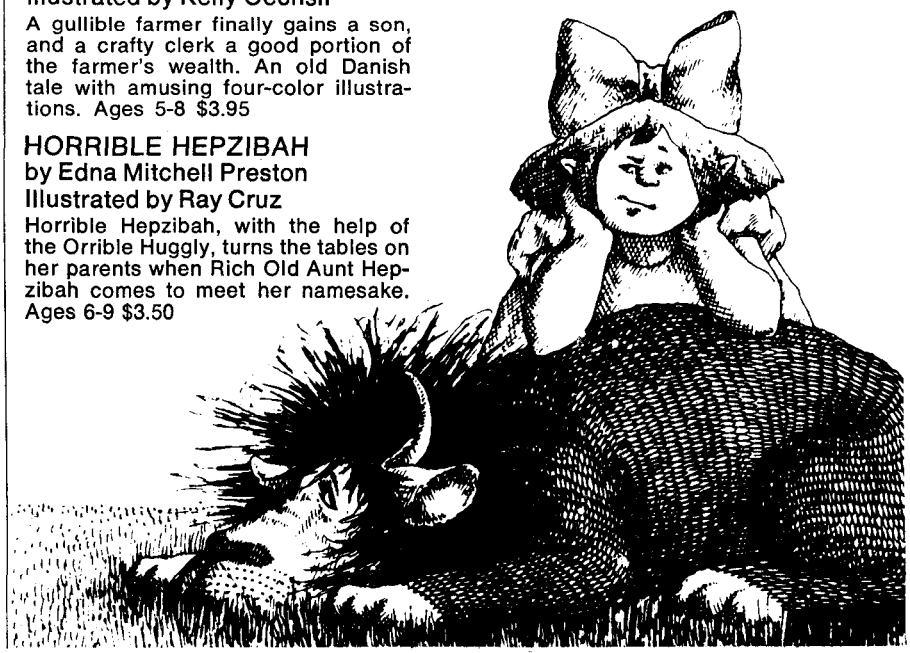
Horrible Hepzibah, with the help of the Orrible Huggly, turns the tables on her parents when Rich Old Aunt Hepzibah comes to meet her namesake. Ages 6-9 $3.50

The Viking Press



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brother Tony and I used to live in a townhouse on what Mom called the Socially Cohesive Block. . . . Everyone on it, according to Mom, was united by the common misery of home ownership." After the divorce, Mom and Tony and Kim (who tells the story) moved to an apartment, and there wasn't room for Nilma, the black housekeeper, and her son Reggie. It is Nilma who is the strength of the family; it is Nilma who keeps the children with her in her Harlem apartment when tension grips the city after the death of Martin Luther King. She is not a militant, but her tolerance is strained when Reggie is suspected of stealing from the family. Reggie is bitter, and rejects both his mother and the whites with whom he has been intimate. There's no solution; the book simply faces the problems of race relations, urban living, and the generation gap. The bleak realism is ameliorated by the wit, humor, and compassion of the writing. Ages 11-15.

Bird Ambulance. *By Arline Thomas. Illustrated with photographs. Scribners.* 131 *pp.* $6.95. "The bird-lady of Queens," the newspapers have called Mrs. Thomas, whose first rescue mission was accidental: A devoted bird-watcher, she came across a wounded nuthatch that needed nursing. Afterwards, neighbors brought her injured birds, and that led to membership in the Audubon Society's bird-saving corps. In an informal and amusing journal she describes some of the highly individual creatures that she encountered—a trio of owlets that persecuted a timid newcomer, an overprotected jay hooked on cashew nuts, a falcon that played games. The photographs are unprofessional but charming, the writing unsentimental but affectionate. Ages 11 up.

Beginnings and Blunders: Or Before Science Began. *By Lancelot Hogben. Illustrated with drawings and photographs. Grosset & Dunlap.* 110 *pp.* $4.95. Man survived in prehistoric times because his brain and his hands made it possible for him to protect himself against bitter cold and predatory beasts. There can be only conjecture about the first domestication of animals and cultivation of crops, but if we do not know how they began we have proof that they did. In the first volume of a projected four, Hogben traces the development of early tools, crops, crafts, arts, and industries up to the time of the establishment of the first cities. There is nothing here that hasn't been covered before, but this is a competent synthesis of knowledge, stolidly written though not ponderous. Ages 12-15.

—From "Gianni and the Ogre"

Prehistoric Man. *By Clifford D. Simak. Illustrated by Murray Tinkelman. St. Martin's.* 192 *pp.* $6.95. Although this covers the same material as *Beginnings and Blunders*, it gives somewhat different treatment to the subject. There is more theoretical discussion, and the writing is both heavier and more cohesive. Simak is just as concerned with acquisition and inventions, but he is also aware of folkways and mores. The paucity of illustrations is a disadvantage, the index (Hogben has none) an advantage. Accurate, informative, but rather dry reading. Ages 12-15.

Voyage by Bus. *By Leonard Wibberley. Morrow.* 186 *pp.* $5.95. Endpaper maps show the route taken by the Wibberley family on a summer tour of the West. The descriptions of natural wonders and of the waste and pollution created by man's carelessness are pungent and colorful, but it is the chronicle of small family adventures that gives the book a cozy charm. With six children and a cat, the land-yacht regimen had to be highly organized; even so, when eight people are confined to a small space there are bound to be mishaps. Wibberley's forte is the dry humor that makes capital of them. Although it has no moments of high drama, the account is entertaining and the writing style notable for its candor and zest. For young adults.

A Doctor at All Hours: The Private Journal of a Small-Town Doctor's Varied Life 1886-1909. *By David S. Kellogg. Edited by Allan S. Everest. Stephen Greene.* 232 *pp.* $6.95. What, another nostalgic piece about dashing through the snow to save the life of a child on a remote farm? No; there is more than that. David Kellogg put in his share of night vigils, but he also lectured on folklore and archeology, climbed mountains, and was an enthusiastic student of geology and local (Plattsburgh, N.Y.) history. His journal is studded with humor: "I expect to hear some music that will please me, some that will not interest me, and some that will be positively disagreeable," he notes before a concert. A staunch Republican, he announced that "God has not forgotten the people of the United States" when Major McKinley was elected. Full of family anecdotes, nature notes, talk of books, comments on the Spanish-American War, and the homely trivia of a small-town doctor's life, the book is a delight. For young adults.

An American Girl. *By Patricia Dizenzo. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 148 *pp.* $4.95. In journal style an adolescent girl makes a running commentary on her life at home and at school, giving an acid picture both of her own life and of the fragmented and aimless milieu of the middle-middle-class of the 1950's. Like a jigsaw puzzle the small pieces (a pajama party, a Progressive dinner, horror comics, Dad's opinion of Joe McCarthy, the books and movies of the decade) come together to form an identifiable whole. The pervasive and recurrent motif is an alcoholic mother. A trenchant book, almost a documentary, lightened and balanced by the irrepressible resilience of the protagonist. For young adults.

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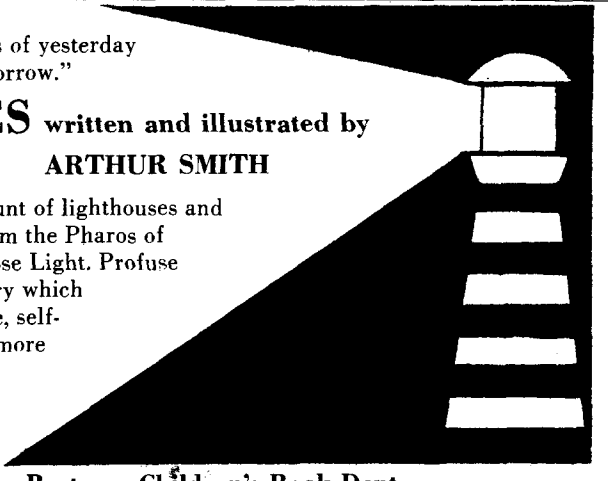

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LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 4 (*On My First Son*); 8; 1 (*1914: The Soldier*), 3 (*Mac Flecknoe*), 3 (*To the Memory of Mr. Oldham*), 5 (*On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*), 10 (*Upon Westminster Bridge*), 9 (*Sonnet 104*); 7; 9 (*Sonnet 56*), 6 (*Rape of the Lock*), 2 (*The Apparition*).

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THE MAY MOVEMENT: Revolt and Reform

by Alain Touraine

Random House, 373 pp., $8.95

THE POST-INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY: Tomorrow's Social History—Classes, Conflicts and Culture in the Programmed Society

by Alain Touraine
both titles translated from the French by Leonard F. X. Mayhew

Random House, 244 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Emile Capouya

■ Here is a curious case: two books with most promising titles, one pointing to the late unpleasantness in France and the other to that general condition of modern society of which the events of May 1968 in Paris were simply a special manifestation, each study bearing the marks of scholarship—and each perfectly unintelligible. Sealed with seven seals. How can that be?

It isn't the language, for the translator, Mr. Leonard Mayhew, has turned out a text that is—linguistically—more than satisfactory; from his few, inevitable slips, we can see what his English version might have contributed to our bepuzzlement had it not been as good as it is. And it isn't that the author is an alchemist or a professor of animal magnetism. He is a historian of the May Movement and a teacher of sociology at Nanterre, the very birthplace of the disturbances he analyzes in one of these volumes. There is nothing arcane about his special subject, men in society. Moreover, he has taught at the University of California and in Latin America, and he cites the works of British, American, and German scholars. So he is no provincial, and his discourse is not of the parish pump. Whatever is going on in these odd books?

A literary wag once said of Voltaire that he was "a chaos of clear ideas." We are sometimes unfair to our betters, and here is an instance of it, no doubt, but the remark does represent an intellectual discovery. Well-defined notions are not necessarily congruent notions, and adding to their number does not necessarily increase our enlightenment. With that hint, we can go further: Ideas presented with impressive emphasis may be pointless; they may enter a paragraph like a conquering army, and come out of it a rabble; the laws of grammar cannot protect us against breaches of logic; to announce one program and fulfill another, unannounced, can drive the reader to the verge of mild wonder. Here is a paragraph from *The Post-Industrial Society*:

> We must . . . return to the theme of the concentration of power. . . . We will not accept the image, proposed by C. Wright Mills, of a power élite which acts as a defined group and cohesively defends the supposedly unified interests of all its members—politicians, economic leaders, the military. All observations belie the existence of such a unified élite, both in liberal and totalitarian régimes. Neither is it convincing to speak of a society only as the cross section of the interests of particular organizations and to affirm that the world of power no longer exists, that all that exists is authority, made twice as effective because of the influence it wields over other bearers of authority. That the road to power is becoming more and more open, that the State is not a god presiding over a world of subjects is true today, as it very likely was yesterday. The fact remains, nevertheless, that a power organization does exist. We can certainly say it is more powerful and more cohesive than formerly, that it directly commands a share of the national product which increases as the importance of its long-range economic, scientific, or military programs grows.

In this passage Mr. Touraine is practicing his trade, asking one of the important questions in sociology: How does the society work? He examines C. Wright Mills's suggestion of the "power élite," defining it somewhat tendentiously, as has been customary, and he dismisses it. Next, he dismisses the thesis that is the positive contribution of Mills's conventional critics, the part that says, no, society does not work as Mills claims—it works this way instead. Well and good. We are to strike both suggestions. How, then, *does* it work?

At this point Mr. Touraine elects to follow not the mainstream but a tributary—to go, as it were, up the creek. Having introduced, and rejected, the concept of the "cross section of the interests of particular organizations," he reflects that the notion carries the connotation of the dispersal of authority, and he agrees that authority is being dispersed. In the paragraph immediately preceding this one he has gratuitously distinguished "authority" and "power." Now he confounds them, adding the unexpected information that the evolution of this dispersal of authority or power is not an evolution, not a process, but a condition that "very likely" existed yesterday as it does today. Then, he asserts that a "power organization"—to be strictly distinguished, presumably, from a power élite—does exist, and it is getting more so. In fact, it is getting more so in precisely those areas identified by Mills: "long-range economic, scientific, and military programs." None of this confusion, clearly, is Mr. Mayhew's work; his prose lends a deceptive air of solidity to these wisps and vapors. To take the reader through the succeeding paragraphs, in which the other shoe persistently fails to drop while mismated boots and galoshes cascade into the discussion, might lead him to exclaim with Lear, "Let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven;/Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!"

The publisher has distributed, with the review copies of these works, perfectly rational descriptions of what they are supposed to contain. I have read the books with application, and cannot confirm those accounts—mostly because, while I have been over the ground of Mr. Touraine's discussions before, and the terms of them are generally familiar to me, I find his expository method utterly defeating. I cannot categorically deny what the publisher claims for these volumes, but I suspect that he has composed descriptions of what books on these subjects ought ideally to be, and then attributed the descriptions to these particular books. On one point, however, I can contradict him with assurance. Mr. Touraine's account of the May Movement is not "the first documented and coherent analysis" of the phenomenon. There have been several—all readable. A specially good one is Daniel Singer's *Prelude to Revolution* (Hill & Wang).

Emile Capouya, a writer and publisher, is literary editor of The Nation.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1450

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1450 will be found in the next issue.

IX MWXAJYD OMXPYOVMC KID

KICPTG VAWQ VM TMEQ KAD

MFX FAZQ, TQV ITMXQ MVKQC

NQMNTQ' D.

—OKQDVQCVMX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1449

Only presidents, editors, and people with tapeworm have the right to use the editorial "we."

—TWAIN.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Summer Over There

AIR FARES may be rising, the economy may be sagging, but another grand exodus—perhaps the grandest of all—will carry flocks of Americans abroad this summer. It is a wonder that Europe absorbs the touring multitudes, which are increasing threefold every decade. In 1960, some 860,000 U.S. citizens went to Europe; in 1969, the number reached 2,326,000; by 1978, a projected 6,250,000. This year, as always, the various national tourist offices stand ready to unveil new places, new schemes. Consider:

Great Britain and Ireland—Last year Rydal Mount, the Lake District house where William Wordsworth spent thirty-seven years, was opened to the public to mark the 200th anniversary of his death. This summer its rooms can be rented for $65 a week, including full board. Rydal Mount, 270 miles northwest of London (where a room, as usual, will be hard to find), lies between Ambleside and Grasmere, in whose precincts Wordsworth is buried.

Sir Alec Guinness will play Christopher Wren in nightly sound-and-light shows at St. Paul's, which is London's largest cathedral. The historical pageant, running from June 1 to October 30, will portray the life of Wren, who worked on the church from 1675 to 1710. He is buried under the choir with the inscription, in Latin: "If thou seekest a monument, gaze around."

Borrowing on Europe's budget train offers, Britain has launched a Coachmaster bus plan that will take passengers all over the tight little island in eight days for $20.

British tourist officials are pushing a Northern Ireland festival called Ulster '71 in hopes of bringing back tourism and other business to that fractious green land. Belfast's and Londonderry's danger zones are confined to eight-to-ten-block areas, but tourists should be advised that local patriotic observances may produce new tension throughout the cities. The British Tourist Authority reports that in nearly three years of strife, a tourist has yet to be injured. Ulster '71 will hold a thirty-seven-acre, Expo-type affair at Queens University on the edges of Belfast and offer various festival bargains across the otherwise tranquil land. Only eighty miles wide, Northern Ireland packs together forty golf courses, all of which will eliminate greens fees for the entire year.

Down south in the Republic of Ireland, a new Thursday night barge excursion will take visitors down the Grand Canal on a forty-minute haul from Dublin to Robertstown, with dray horses heaving along the banks. In that tiny (pop. 200), canalside town, two miles from President Nixon's ancestral home, in the heart of Georgian restoration country, will unfold an eighteenth-century feast of claret, Limerick ham, and broiled salmon. The local villagers have been celebrating the Grand Canal Festa with banquets, balls, and competitions annually for six years to recall the days when Robertstown was a major port of call for the barges coming down from Dublin, twenty-eight miles away.

Scandinavia—Denmark's once fabled restaurant, the Wivex, will reopen in Copenhagen this month for the first time since it closed ten years ago to permit street expansion. In pre-World War II years it brought together Denmark's—and Europe's—B.P. Now its six restaurants, including a sidewalk café on Vesterbrogade and a terrace on the Tivoli side, with a total seating capacity of 1,000, will be able to accommodate the rest of us.

Denmark, never wanting for touristic devices, for the first time will rent houseboats, canoes, sailboats, and motor launches so people can explore Danish waterways and the country's 500 islands. "We have been building and exporting boats for so long, we can finally afford to keep some of them here for tourists to use," says a great Dane we know. Another way to see Denmark is by bicycle, and this summer, week-long bike tours will wind through the forests and parks of Fünen, an island west of Copenhagen clutched by two arms of the sea. A local cyclist will show the way. Meals, bike, and hotel will run to $70; you can save $30 by staying in hostels.

Norway has sprung a new express steamer that will run up the Sognefjord to Bergen and back faster than any craft except the hydrofoil. Normally the Sognefjord, Norway's longest and deepest fjord, takes two days to see; now the trip can be done in one day (for $20, with a meal at your seat).

Harold the Fairhaired founded Tønsberg, Norway's oldest town, in 871 just so tourists could help celebrate the 1,100th anniversary this summer. Sixty-four miles south of Oslo, Tønsberg operates a shipping trade Harold would be proud of.

Gothenburg, Sweden's second largest city and a mere infant compared to Tønsberg, is 350 years old this year. It is marking the occasion with a different event each day, including: International Folk Dance Festival (August 11 to 16) at Gothenburg's Concert Hall and the European Soccer Championships (June 27 to July 4) in Ullevi Stadium, where Ingemar Johansson, now paunchy and prosperous, once fought. Gothenburg is linked to Stockholm by a 250-mile network of lakes, rivers, and canals. All summer long, special ferries will run out to Nya Alvsborg Fastning, an island bastion built to protect the city 300 years ago, later converted to a prison, and now the scene of weddings.

Who else but the Finns would rent you an island? About $45 a week will get a private isle in the midst of one of Finland's 60,000 lakes, with the water—drinkable water—never more than thirty feet from the front step. The vital appointments are outdoor bathroom, sauna, and oil lamp (which is hardly necessary during the long days of summer.) By rowboat or motor launch an islander can get to nearby farmhouses to buy milk and butter, or to villages for other supplies. Germans, Swedes, and Americans have so lapped up the rent-an-island plan that it is being expanded to new islands—but slowly. The Finnish government is not about to spoil the peace of its birch-covered islands by overpublicizing the program.

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The Netherlands—Amsterdam is commendably cautious about building big hotels, but suddenly this summer the Alpha (1,200 beds), Howard Johnson's (376 beds), and the Schiphol Frommer (816 beds) have arrived. Thankfully, the buildings won't do much to mar Amsterdam's seventeenth-century skyline. The Alpha, thirteen stories high, is away from the city center; the Frommer (named for its founder, the *$5-a-Day* editor) is at the airport; and Howard Johnson's has been carved so unobtrusively from a block of seventeenth-century canal houses in the old center of town that you can hardly tell it's there. Amsterdam has also opened a Mme. Tussaud Wax Museum, smaller and sleeker than London's. Besides all the usual statesmen and historic figures, it has a wax image of Phil Bloom, the first woman to appear nude on Dutch television.

By November, three of Amsterdam's busiest streets will be converted into a large pedestrian mall much like the one created last year at The Hague. Kalverstraat (the city's main shopping street), Heiligeweg, and St. Luciënsteeg are being raised to sidewalk level. The walks were so narrow that people were being elbowed into the street anyway. Other malls will be built later.

Belgium—Twenty castles whose interiors were once displayed only in the pages of art books will open their gates to the public from May to October. The occasion is Belgium's "Year of the Castles," and the castles' private owners have consented to open up such artistic and architectural masterpieces as Beersel, Bouillon, Mielmont; Renaissance and seventeenth- and eighteenth-century castles at Annevoie, Attre, Schoonbeek, and Rumbeke; and the princely estates of Beloeil, Chimay, and Roeulx. Franchimont in the province of Liége evidently was the birthplace of Charles Martel, father of Charlemagne, in 714. The Château of Gasbeek, ten miles south of Brussels and just off the road to Mons, stands amid landscapes that Brueghel painted. The Prince and Princess of Chimay will open their château in the province of Hainaut, eighty miles south of Brussels, in a town that dates back to the seventh century. Chimay's small Baroque Theater, where Liszt, Gounod, and Cherubini once played, will put on its annual chamber music festivals with noted artists from afar. All this will be sponsored by the Prince and Princess, who may not be quite the same by October.

France—Florida did it. England did it. But who would ever have believed that France would lay out an African wildlife reserve not fifty miles from Paris? Lions, elephants, baboons, gazelles—more than five hundred African imports—now prowl the grounds of Château de Thoiry-en-Yvelines. The brothers Delorme, who built the château in 1564; Varé, who designed a neighboring park (as well as the Bois de Boulogne); and the nephew of Le Nôtre, who sculpted the château gardens—well, they wouldn't believe it. Current owners of the château began bringing in African game in 1969 as part of a project to help pay soaring overhead. As its promoters gush: "C'est le monde exubérant des fables de La Fontaine, des films de Walt Disney." Would Walt believe it either?

The grape has not been ignored, however, and Bordeaux will hold its first wine festival since 1909, June 25 to 27. It is officially called "Fêtes du Vin" and also tagged "Les Bacchanales de Bordeaux" by the French press. In the words of a Bordeaux Wine Information Bureau press release, "Les Bacchanales was conceived as a rejoicement in the exceptional 1970 vintage already famed for its quality and quantity." The world's largest wine cellar will be set up in the Parc des Expositions across the Garonne River from Bordeaux and a half-hour drive from the white sands of Arcachon. Two new hotels will be ready for the fete, including the Aquitania on the banks of a huge manmade lake. Ardent oenophiles and assorted winos will be treated to vineyard tours, lectures, discussions, and perhaps a carafe or two.

An organization called Art Extension, at 6 rue d'Astorg in Paris, will send out three-hour excursions to the workshops of Renoir, Cézanne, Soutine, and contemporary engravers, sculptors, and lithographers in such artistic corners as the Left Bank, Montmartre, Sacré-Coeur, and the Place du Tertre.

Germany—If a Rhine cruise seems old hat by now, there is always the Weser; it winds through some of the least tainted of German countryside, passing ancient towns like Höxter with its sixteenth- and seventeenth-century half-timbered houses. Steamer trips along the Upper Weser began on April 25 connecting Hameln (of Pied Piper fame) with Hannoversch Münden. Steamer tours run four, five, seven, or eleven days.

If Diogenes lived in a barrel, so can the visitor to Rüdesheim on the Rhine. The proprietor of the Hotel Lindenwirt in this venerated wine-growing village has converted six wine casks, each with a capacity of 1,600 gallons, into double bedrooms with built-in closets and private baths. And the rates are just as quaint: $6.50 per person with breakfast included. For $125 you can, for the first time this year, see Germany from a covered gypsy wagon with two horses and all the fodder they can eat. The Schloss Gevelinghausen in the Sauerland town of Meschede rents the wagons, which have sleeping room for six. And you won't get that at home.

(This is the first of two articles on the prospects of summer travel abroad.)

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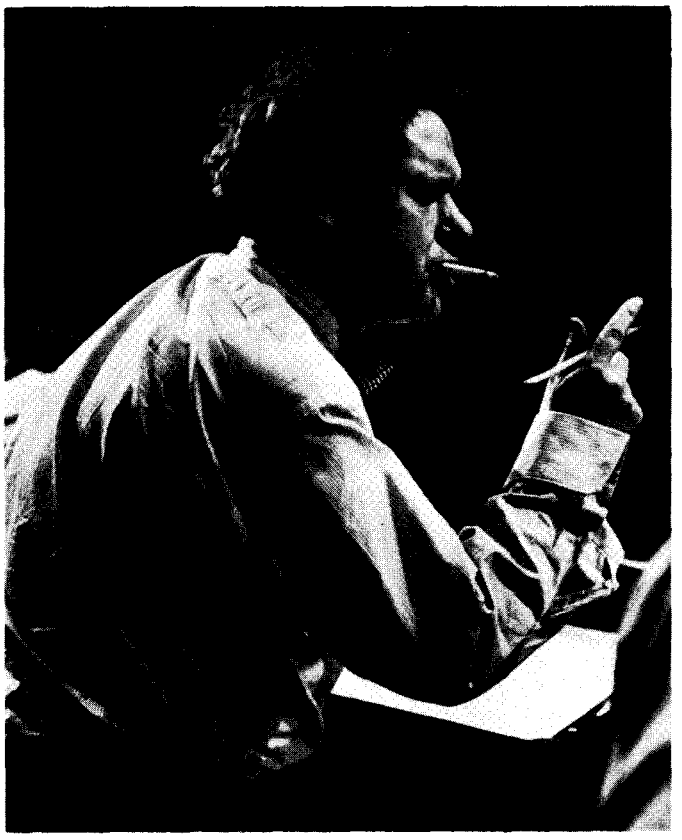
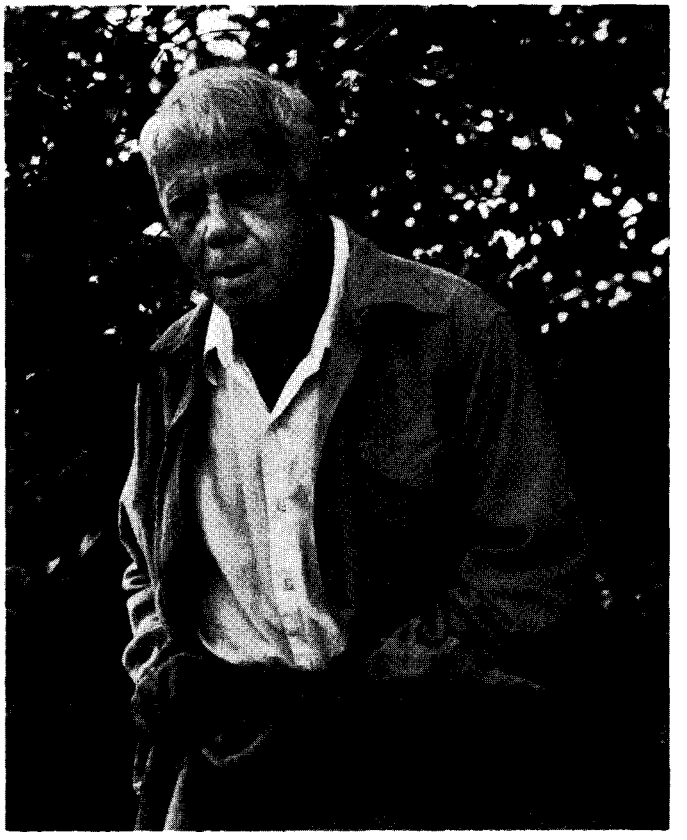


Dylan Thomas (directing a rehearsal of "Under Milk Wood"). New York, 1953



Robert Frost. Ripton, Vermont, 1957

Photography

Margaret R. Weiss

Poets as People

IN THEIR NEW updated anthology, *Twentieth Century Poetry: American and British* (McGraw-Hill), John Malcolm Brinnin and Bill Read show an appreciation of the visual as well as the verbal image. Affirming that "photographic portraits have a documentary interest in themselves," the co-editors have wisely chosen Rollie McKenna's informal camera impressions to bring their readers face to face with contemporary poets of varying degrees of fame and familiarity.

These full-page portraits—only a portion of the hundreds that comprise the photographer's personal "anthology" of the creative world of arts and letters—represent a cross section of the subjects who have engaged Mrs. McKenna's eye for the past twenty years.

As we discussed her distinguished roster of sitters, the word "sitter" was conspicuously absent. Ranging alphabetically from Auden to Zbigniew, the typed lists she referred to carried the simple heading "People Photographed." In essence, that summarizes her understated, straightforward approach to portraiture: "as *painless* as possible—available light, no contrived backgrounds, and no stage directions."

"I like to picture people as *people*, not merely as subjects for my camera," she emphasized. "It's the individual's personality that should come through, not the photographer's preconception." Happily peripatetic by inclination, she meets people literally on their own grounds. "I prefer to photograph either in their homes or where they work. Almost everybody is more relaxed in a familiar environment and reacts with a more natural expression when not confronted by an elaborate setup of uncompromising lights."

Unruffled by the physical variables and minor domestic interruptions encountered in on-location shooting, she has found that such distractions as a wailing infant or a demanding telephone may help thaw formality or diffidence and turn an ill-at-ease, self-conscious subject into "a concerned host putting his guest at ease."

Of all her portrait personalities, Ezra Pound gave promise of being the least cooperative. The day she arrived at his villa in Venice, he was not in the mood for facing the camera. "Would you mind being photographed?" one of his friends asked. "Yes," he snapped. "Would you mind *very much*?" Mrs. McKenna persisted quietly. Pound reflected for a moment, softened noticeably, and replied, "No." She had tea —and a sympathetic portrait—before the afternoon sunlight faded.

In the years since she took on her first poet-portrait assignment for John Brinnin, then director of New York's YM-YWHA Poetry Center, she has developed a disarming proficiency in transcribing the visual vocabulary of personality and behavior patterns. Eyes, hands, and general body language usually talk louder than words in revealing an individual's character. Sometimes the way that a person relates to a specific element or area of his environment gives the photographer a significant clue, in turn determining the background selected and whether the portrait will be full-length or head-and-shoulders only.

"When I was photographing Robert Frost at his Vermont farm," she recalled, "we paused at the side of a dirt road and I noticed his fingers repeatedly reaching out to touch the foliage of a small tree. He wondered whether the leaves would show in the picture. 'Don't you want them to?' I asked. 'Oh,

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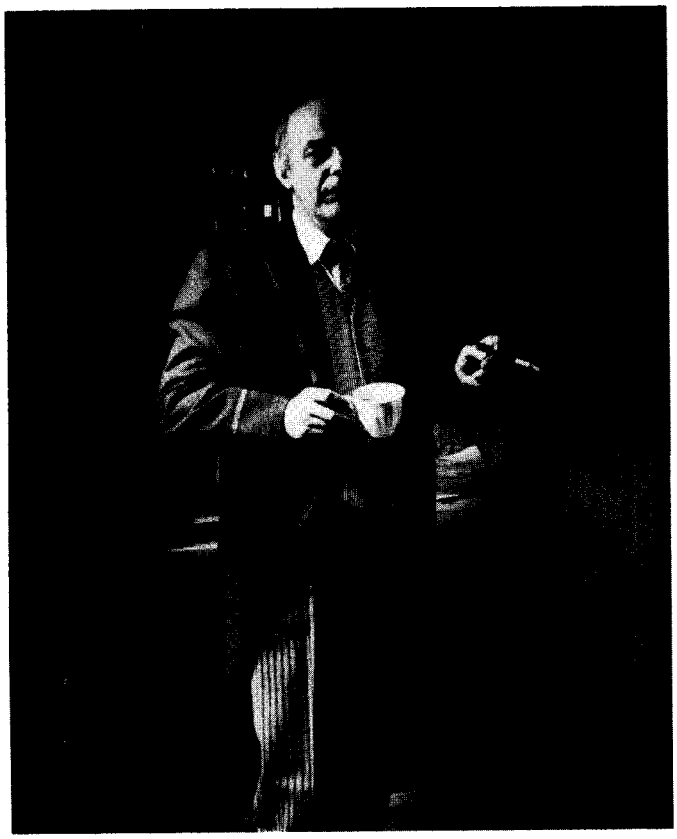
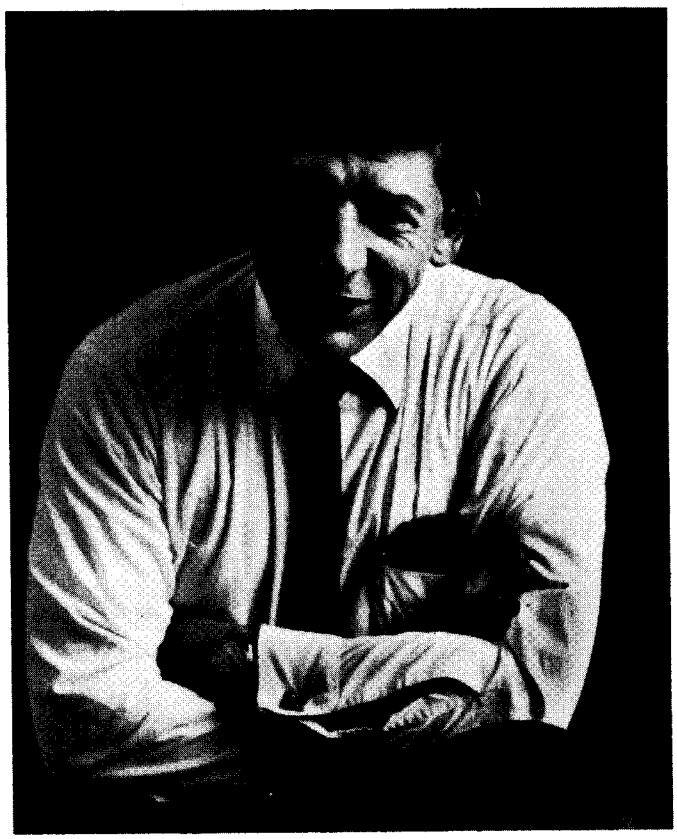
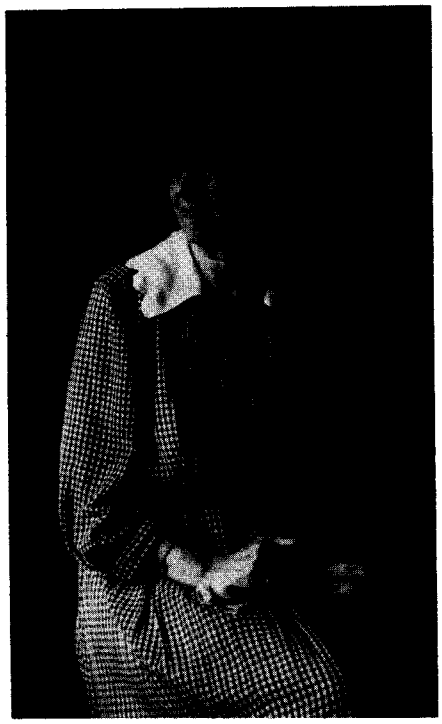


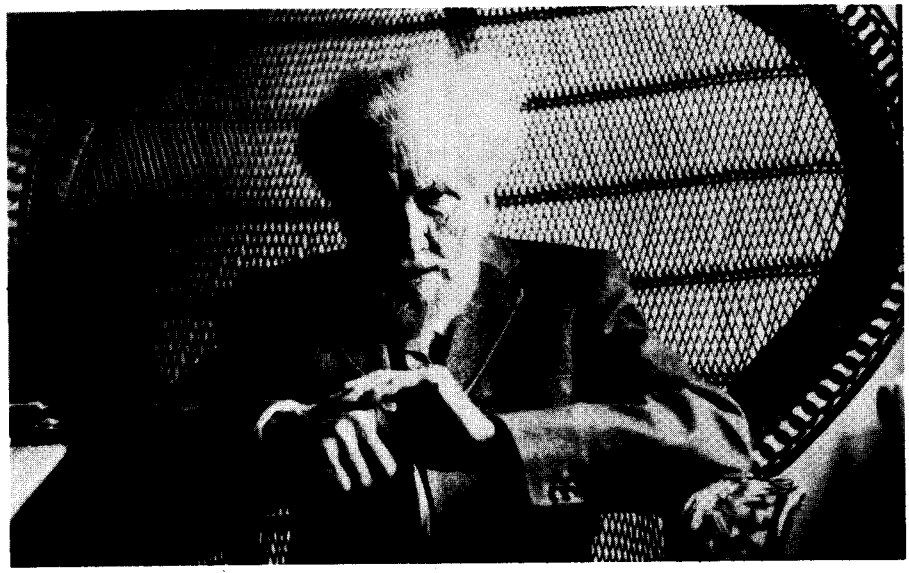
John Betjeman (wearing a suit that belonged to Henry James, for whose estate he served as executor). London, 1960



John Ciardi. New York, 1961



Marianne Moore. New York, 1955



Ezra Pound. Venice, 1969

yes, I *hoped* they would!' was his quick response. And I knew that was the right moment and background for a characteristic portrait."

While each new subject presents a fresh challenge to her lens, one who continued to be provocative even after many camera sessions was Dylan Thomas. Her photographs of the poet at home in Wales and abroad in America inspired a popular pictorial biography. Later, these pictures were the framework for her film documentary *The Days of Dylan Thomas*, which remains a classic interpretation of the man who put his finger on reality but could not face it.

In their preface to *Twentieth Century Poetry*, the editors note that "the poems in this volume invite congenial acquaintance . . . they are human documents waiting to be claimed." And no less may be said for Rollie McKenna's portraits.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROLLIE MCKENNA

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Pow-wow Power

SIOUX FALLS, S.D.

FOR TWO DAYS recently, this city (pop. 78,000) on the threshold of America's Great Plains was the scene of an Upper Midwestern Conference on Broadcasting and the People. Under the leadership of Dr. Ronald V. Wells, new president of Sioux Falls College, and as an adjunct to his inauguration and to the dedication of the college's impressive ($2-million) new Fine Arts Center, the conference may turn out to have had a landmark significance for the citizen action groups in broadcasting that are burgeoning in many cities across the nation. Such groups—in Texarkana, Chicago, Denver, Atlanta, Boston, Jackson, Mississippi, and Sioux Falls itself, to mention merely a few—have already demonstrated that they have the capacity to register effectively the public's interest in the decision-making that determines both the institutional structure of broadcasting and its program content.

The leaders of a number of these citizen action groups met one another for the first time at the Sioux Falls College conference. They shared their diverse yet common experiences in organizing their local communities for action on the broadcasting front, in filing petitions with the Federal Communications Commission to deny license renewals to broadcasters who, in their opinion, were not adequately serving the needs of their respective communities, and in negotiating agreements with the broadcasters for improved service. This personal contact among citizen advocates, who up until that time had communicated only by telephone or by mail, generated a new level of enthusiasm and commitment among the conference participants.

Some of the tales they told were virtual suspense-thrillers, filled with incidents of powerful pressure applied at official and corporate levels to persuade the citizen advocates to cease and desist or "to come talk it over" before they acted. Other stories were replete with laughs (one station under license challenge listed as public service programing its playing—for one minute and twenty-five seconds, as a sign-on and sign-off—of "The Star-Spangled Banner").

In Sioux Falls itself, a coalition of whites and of Indians from the Rosebud Reservation challenged the license renewal of KELO, the CBS affiliate that programs a satellite station for the area known as "west of the river." The outlanders had wearied of third-run movies on their no-choice station, and were up in arms at the lack of vital local weather reports in an area where sudden blizzards can mean the death of hundreds of cattle on the open range. Under the leadership of John Barrett, an Indian lawyer, and William Janklow, a white lawyer, viewers in the area united in vigorous protest against the station. The protest resulted in a negotiated agreement whereby KELO will more adequately meet the needs of its satellite community. Lawyer Janklow reported to the conference: "Racial tensions often run high in this part of the country, but when it came to television, we had no trouble at all in demonstrating unity."

From Denver, Louis Trujillo, chairman of the Colorado Committee on Mass Media and the Spanish-Surnamed, Inc., brought the exciting story of how twenty-four Chicano organizations have joined hands to carry on a continuing dialogue with seventeen Colorado radio and television broadcasters. In "a warm and friendly atmosphere," they will seek ways and means to improve service to the state's Spanish-speaking population in twelve areas, ranging from programing policies and employment and job training to advertising and economic development.

It was clear, after the Sioux Falls meeting, that the obvious next step would be the mounting of a conference that would bring together representatives of all the citizen action groups now in existence throughout the country, for a coalescing of aims, strategies, and tactics. The Sioux Falls conference, expertly organized by Miss Susan E. Gillies, of the college, with the assistance of Indie Badhwar, of the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting, Washington, D.C., was an effort to educate the people of Sioux Falls to the potentials of citizen advocacy in broadcasting. It indicated the need for building strong citizen constituencies that can establish permanent bases for continuing action in a field where foundations and public interest law firms have shown the way. The formation of such citizen action groups is surely one project that a foundation could support in good conscience and without fear of the sanctions that are latent in the recent tax reform act.

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Book Forum

Continued from page 40

fails to report the errors and omissions in two biased books which stimulated his interest in the problem in the first place. Mr. Greenberg is a writer; Dr. Gerber is a surgeon; who is Mr. Lear?

F. BRUCE KIMBALL, M.D.,
La Jolla, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Lear has been science editor of SR for fifteen years. His writing on medicine has been recognized by the Albert and Mary Lasker Award, the Westinghouse Award of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and the Sigma Delta Chi Award for distinguished public service.*

Another Council of Trent?

AFTER READING Markus Barth's provocative review of Hans Küng's book, *Infallible?: An Inquiry* [*SR*, Apr. 10], I feel as though I am a front-row observer at another Council of Trent. The main character is Hans Küng instead of Martin Luther, but they philosophically and courageously seem to have much in common. Both love their church and care so much for it that they are willing to risk themselves and their reputations for the sake of conscience. Hans Küng, however, has one great advantage in his predicament. A breath of fresh air has been allowed to permeate the Roman Catholic Church of his day because of the influence of Pope John XXIII.

The choice that Küng poses seems clearly defined for the Curia: 1) to revert to the stance of the Middle Ages, when within the church no questions were asked and no questioners were allowed, or 2) to take the stance of openness both to being questioned and to questioning in the light of the Scriptures. The church is, indeed, infallible when it proclaims fallibility.

MARY T. EGDAHL,
Chula Vista, Calif.

MARKUS BARTH STATES, " . . . the encyclicals of the Pope, no less than his dogmatic utterances, call for unconditional faith, acceptance, and obedience." This is simply incorrect. Even conservative Catholic theologians, such as Ludwig Ott, hold that the "inner agreement" a Catholic owes to such forms of papal teaching may cease "if a competent expert, after a renewed scientific investigation of all grounds, arrives at the positive conviction that the decision rests on an error" (*Fundamentals of Catholic Dogma*, St. Louis, 1962, p. 10). This, of course, would apply to *Humanae Vitae* just as to any other encyclical.

(Rev.) RICHARD B. MACDONOUGH,
S. T. L., PH.D.,
Louisville, Ky.

Shooting the Breeziness

HASKEL FRANKEL [*SR*, Apr. 24] credits me with "a certain reportorial breeziness" in the writing of *Kill the Dutchman!* but then asks the question: "Are you interested in Dutch Schultz to the tune of 337 pages?" Well, Haskel Frankel certainly wasn't. He says that Dutch Schultz "rose to the top of the American underworld," but he didn't read that in any of my 337 pages. And he didn't read any of the pages about Prohibition, the Harlem numbers racket (bigger and better in Fun City now), Murder Inc., Lepke & Gurrah, Lucky Luciano, Fiorello H. La Guardia, Thomas E. Dewey, J. Edgar Hoover, Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, or etc., etc., etc. I have to credit Mr. Frankel with a certain breeziness as a *reader*. How can a kid make good as an author with guys like that passing judgments in the *Saturday Review*?

PAUL SANN,
New York, N.Y.

Star Performance

THORPE MENN'S LETTER [BOOK FORUM, May 8] defending the *Kansas City Star* and himself as book editor fails to point out that the piece I alluded to ran on the *Star*'s editorial page directly below an attack by Karl Shapiro on McKuen lovers. It was not a parody but a reply. It linked McKuen to Shakespeare, Homer, and Milton, as Mr. Menn's letter proved, in order to give McKuen status and disprove Shapiro. Such comparisons are either ignorant or dishonest. Still Thorpe Menn calls the writer "brilliant." I can only conclude that such a judgment is a defensive exaggeration.

Thorpe Menn's letter says, "She suggested that Shapiro (along with Establishment professors) should 'lift his nose from the book and look around for a moment.' " I suggest that Virginia Hall and Thorpe Menn do the same. After all, Karl Shapiro, the author of *In Defense of Ignorance*, should hardly be thrown into the same bag with "Establishment professors." And shouldn't such a piece attacking Shapiro reveal the poet's history of daring? Virginia Hall's article showed no knowledge of Shapiro's poetry or criticism, no sense of the changes in his work. It just jumped to silly conclusions that Mr. Menn seems to have accepted.

DAN JAFFE,
Kansas City, Mo.

Jarring Tone

I RESENT the condescending tone taken by Morley Safer in his review of David Douglas Duncan's *War Without Heroes* [*SR*, Mar. 27]. When Safer has contributed such monumental indictments of war—from the front lines of three of them—as has Mr. Duncan (none of which could possibly be described as a "useful recruiting brochure" by anyone with the least discernment) he might be permitted to put in his two cents' worth.

MARJORIE REMES,
Honolulu, Hawaii

Answer to Wit Twister, page 43: ether, three, there.

Older Cities

Continued from page 31

utopian speculations. They are already the basis for important policy decisions. For example, the American City Corporation is under contract to a non-profit corporation of leading citizens in the Greater Hartford area to initiate a planning and development process that 1) will provide models of healthy, workable environments in a new, expanding, and inner-city community; 2) will produce an economically viable set of mechanisms to bring these proposals to reality over a reasonable development period; 3) will find a way to include citizens in the excitement and discipline of planning and development of new choices and new values.

Almost all critics of new communities share a concern that these ventures never will accommodate more than a small fraction of the population and therefore are to be dismissed as a distraction from solving real urban problems. A hundred years ago, cities were dismissed by policy-makers in America on the same grounds. Until 1950, the suburbs represented a small fraction of our population and were left to sprawl in their own, unplanned way. Now suburban towns are growing at a faster rate than any inner city in America.

The point is not how many people end up residing in a new community, but how many will be exposed to new communities and alter their vision of what urban living could be like. The inner-city ghettos also contain only a small part of our total population, but they have become the hammer and anvil of the revolution for social justice. Columbia and Reston, Virginia, together do not yet have 50,000 residents—but consider the thousands more that have visited these new communities and the hundreds of thousands more who have read about them. British and Scandinavian new towns do not have large populations either, but they are cornerstones in the urban-growth policies of those nations. Imagine the impact if New York City and Los Angeles set out to build a series of new communities in place of suburban sprawl.

I expect this nation to develop an urban growth policy over the next several years that will permit every major metropolitan area to plan and develop new communities inside the old city, as part of an expanding suburb, and as free standing entities to accommodate new growth in a rational, creative way. That will be a real Model Cities program.

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Continued from page 26

If new cities are to represent much of the nation's future urban growth, creating them must be made still more profitable and less risky for private developers. However, Congress may be reluctant to adopt policies that would generate sufficient profits to attract large numbers of top-quality private developers into this field, or to lead to large-scale public development of new cities. Among such policies would have to be the following:

- Creation of state (or federal) public development corporations (like New York's Urban Development Corporation) with powers to condemn land, override local zoning and building codes, float their own financing, and actually build utilities and structures.

- Provision of special land-assembly powers usable by either public development corporations or private developers. The latter would first have to assemble some large fraction of a proposed new-city site, formulate an acceptable plan, and provide sound financial backing.

- Actual appropriation and expenditure of vastly greater funds for all the federal financial aids passed in the 1970 act. Congress and the administration usually allow far less spending than the amounts legally authorized. For example, HUD only requested new-city supplemental grants of $5-million in fiscal 1971, as compared to an authorization of $63.5-million.

- Priority allocation of existing federal planning, housing subsidy, sewer and water, and transportation program funds to proposed new cities meeting certain standards.

A possible alternative to larger federal assistance might be provision of a powerful private financing mechanism such as the National Urban Development Bank recently proposed by David Rockefeller. It would make land-development loans to new-city builders with funds from special security issues or pooled bank loans.

The suggestions outlined above assume that both public and private efforts to build new cities should be encouraged simultaneously in order to maximize effective results. In addition, the following more experimental suggestions might be considered:

- Designation of certain new-city zones by individual states, within which no new urban development could occur at less than mini-city scale. This would encourage land owners in such zones to aggregate their holdings.

- Provision of highly accelerated depreciation write-offs for all private structures built in designated new cities.

- Construction of one or two experimental new cities built around new federal installations, or existing installations in relatively remote locations, with special incentives for private firms to move there. Emphasis could be upon ecological-system innovation and improvement.

Unless many of these policies are forcefully carried out by key states and the federal government, there is little chance that any new cities will play a really important role in our future urban growth.

Full-sized autonomous new cities offer our best chance to try out alternative urban forms that might reduce key problems (such as designing a city mainly for public transit to cut air pollution and traffic congestion). However, truly radical innovations would be extremely expensive as compared to continuing urban sprawl around existing urban areas. This is partly because new cities must contain *all* new structures, even though more than half the nation's households (and many firms) cannot afford to occupy new quarters without subsidies. Yet these people and activities are needed to make any city work economically. In existing areas, they can occupy older structures; but in autonomous new cities, they must be heavily subsidized because there are no older structures nearby. Moreover, radically designed new cities might be politically threatening to the chief beneficiaries of existing urban forms (such as the giant automobile industry). Therefore, I believe it highly improbable that we will build many such innovative autonomous new cities in the near future, though I support trying one or two.

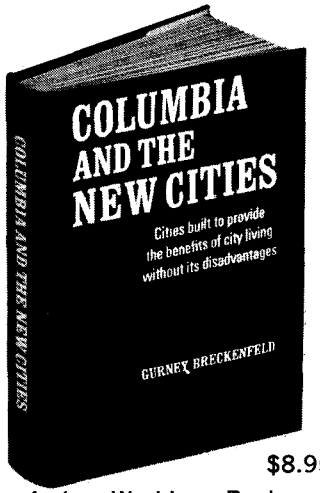
Satellite and peripheral new cities —particularly mini-cities—could improve the neighborhood texture and quality of life in urban areas without generating enormous costs beyond those associated with normal urban development. They could also provide some planned economic-class mixture (if sufficient subsidies are granted to allow low- and moderate-income households to live in new units) and planned racial integration. In fact, unless both these elements are deliberately built into new cities by public policies, such settlements will become large-scale, well-planned, middle- and upper-income developments—thereby furthering existing spatial economic separation in our metropolitan areas.

But satellite and peripheral new cities would not reduce traffic congestion, air pollution, the solid waste problem, or other problems arising from the sheer size of metropolitan areas. Only a general urban growth policy that forbids or controls expansion of our largest areas could do that. This in turn would require stronger public controls over private land use.

No form of new city will significantly reduce the problems of older existing urban cores unless the "two urban frontiers" of core decay and suburban growth are explicitly linked together for their mutual benefit. This has recently been proposed in the "paired new city" concept of Detroit's Metropolitan Fund. Without some such linkage, there is a strong probability that society will concentrate most future resource investments in suburban areas and continue to let central cities decay physically and go bankrupt fiscally.

Thus, new cities are neither a panacea nor a Band-Aid for existing urban problems. Yet they offer definite opportunities for improving the quality of growth. But any policies supporting them should be part of a balanced program that also recognizes the need to improve older core areas and to upgrade traditional forms of urban growth, which are still likely to dominate the future.

"Should be of interest to anyone concerned about the future of American cities . . . Excellent."
—Library Journal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Political Pie

Continued from page 29

By the same token, new communities should not be regarded as one-way conduits for exporting masses to the countryside while the existing cities wither and die. In other words, new towns must not be regarded as a cure-all but as an essential part of a balanced community-development program that restores the health of our cities as well. The new community concept may, in fact, have equal validity as the extension of an already existing urban center or as the creation of a new town in-town. The satellite new community offers a planned alternative to the haphazard growth of areas destined to grow in any event. The new town in-town is one urban response to the false notion that cities have outlived their usefulness, or that they lack the sparsely settled areas required for new-community development.

The city—habitable or otherwise—is essential to communication, commerce, government, and culture in our society. The city, reinvigorated, is the exciting expression of a cosmopolitan civilization. As Governor Rockefeller has asserted: "We cannot preserve the way of life that initially attracted people to the suburbs—unless we also save our cities. If the cities continue to decline, we will have a rapid, unplanned migration that will swamp our suburban communities. Those who sought out a little open space in the suburbs are going to find themselves increasingly hemmed in by those who find the city increasingly unlivable. But as the central city becomes less and less desirable, where else can people go?"

The political point here is that the new-community idea should be viewed in the total context of metropolitan life. The suburbs and their inner city are separated by political boundaries bearing little relation to the common problems of people in both locations. There is no such thing as a separate solution for metropolitan mass transportation or metropolitan-wide air and water pollution; there is also no separate solution for decent housing and good education. The pooling of resources and skills across present political boundaries is as necessary as political cooperation on problems that have no relation to lines drawn on maps.

Again, our localized political system makes it almost impossible to tackle our most general problems. In New York State, for example, a restrictive state constitution makes it exceedingly difficult to take a comprehensive approach to many of the interrelated problems of housing, jobs, public services, and community development. For example, UDC is presently prohibited from carrying out industrial development within a new community except after a finding of blight or "insanitary" conditions. This policy prevails, although there is often the need to cushion the risks before private entrepreneurs are able to exploit all the opportunities for creating new ventures and new jobs.

As this is being written, the New York State Legislature has before it a Community Development Article to remove these and other restrictions contained in Article XVIII of the present state constitution. A new Community Development Article was introduced and passed in the 1970 Legislature but requires a second passage in the 1971 Legislature before it can be submitted to the voters of New York State for approval in the 1971 general election. If this constitutional change has its second passage, there remains the problem of informing the voters about what is involved in the questions tucked away in a corner of the voting machines. It is hoped the electorate will take advantage of the opportunity to update a housing and community development law passed more than thirty years ago.

Although I find constantly increasing interest in new communities in the United States, there is still much opposition. The organized mayors' groups were originally hostile and remain suspicious. They fear dilution or, worse, diversion of the already limited federal funds now going to cities. Their concern is understandable.

Local governments outside central cities are worried about what they consider intrusion or interference. On the other hand, a number of state governments are just beginning to see the opportunities and to face up to the problems. At the federal level, Congress took a giant step toward the future in late 1970 by adopting the Ashley-Sparkman bill with its new-community provisions; however, whether adequate funding will be provided remains very much in doubt.

Overall, therefore, the political obstacles to new communities include fear, skepticism, fragmentation, and a lack of commitment. As an antidote for all of these elements and to gain a sense of what could be done, I recommend that every state and every metropolitan area send a balanced group of community leaders to visit such new communities as Stevenage (outside London), Vallingby (outside Stockholm), and Tapiola (outside Helsinki). I predict a lot of them would get religion and an old American idea would get a new lease on life.

Manner of Speaking

Continued from page 15

back-room work we don't tolerate in my spy ring. Your dwarfs are doing some better than 1/46th, to be sure. I will yet insist that I signed a lot more than four or five petitions in my time. The fact is I have never willingly missed a chance to sign any petition calling for the most scrupulous legal protection of unpopular people charged with having thought thoughts society does not approve, or charged with some criminal offense but tried really on the basis of their unpopular thoughts. Such people may even be guilty of the particular offense. If they are guilty, then they must accept the same sentence as would be meted out to anyone else. The chances are, however, that a man with unpopular beliefs will be found guiltier than another man who fits more neatly into the community's jingo. That unpopular man is the one to defend if government by law is to be defended. When such an unpopular man is not scrupulously allowed his full rights, we have another case of witch hunting.

Remember this about witch hunting, Hon: The hunters are always holy and honorable windbags. They were during the Inquisition, they were at Salem, they were in Massachusetts during the legal murder of Sacco and Vanzetti, and they still are at HISC. At that first blush of yours, any reasonable man would find these hon-holies more persuasive than the poor wretches who have to wear the thumbscrews.

My trouble is that I just don't believe in witches. When you hon-holies come on blushing persuasively, therefore, I see in you the picture of pink health, and, gosh, I'd like you to like me, but you keep asking me to exorcise spooks I don't believe are there. I don't mean there aren't bad boys on the Left. Some of them go in for overt violence. But, certainly, there are laws enough to punish that sort of thing. It is when you think you are self-righteous enough to judge what goes on in people's heads that I find you hon-holiest and most revolting.

The simple fact is that I have never been able to think of the Communist Party as a danger. Even J. Edgar Hoover said a few months back that he no longer saw the Red peril every morning at breakfast, and who would have trouble believing that Old Grizzly Jowls has a thirty- or forty-year case of cultural lag? I have spent too much time in Missouri to believe that the Communist Party could ever learn to speak persuasive American idiom. You should spend more time there yourself, Hon: Washington has a curious

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way of getting a man all fouled up.

Let me point out, too, that I was a kid from the North End of Boston during the seven years it took a hon-holy judge, governor, president of Harvard, and all the rest of the stuffed-shirt community (upon which everything has sat except a man) to fry Sacco and Vanzetti. Even J. Edgar Hoover was in the act, racing around for Attorney General Palmer in a series of hon-holy raids to intimidate confused immigrants.

I learned early, you see. When you hon-holies start working over some accused witch, I worry about the witch, about the shadow of "invisible crimes," and about how readily the hon-holies and their dwarfs can destroy men in the name of high double-think.

On this point, one of my spies sent me to John Stuart Mills's *On Liberty*. I want you to memorize this passage, Hon. The individual, says Mills, needs protection

> against the tyranny of the prevailing opinion and feelings. . . . There is a limit to the legitimate interference of collective opinion with individual independence, and to find that limit, and maintain it against encroachment, is as indispensable to a good condition of human affairs as protection against political despotism.

I mean to sign any petition offered me in any case where I find the least reason to believe that prevailing opinion is encroaching upon the rights of an unpopular man. I don't care who brings me the petition: I sign only to what it says. I am not associating with him except in the statement as written. Such a position, of course, offends you hon-holies, and you have had to invent guilt-by-association to justify yourselves in the eyes of your own dwarfs.

Which brings me to count two: Your dwarfs actually discovered and listed (in rather skimpy detail) the great secret fact that back in 1947 and 1948 I was knocking myself out for Henry Wallace. I don't know how they managed to uncover this secret! I was only shouting it about six nights a week over the radio and at rallies through the Northeastern and North Central states. If it gives you any pleasure to know that I shouted myself right out of my starting convictions by election time, you can give that to your dwarfs. I tell that story in a book that should be published by Rutgers Press at just about the time this letter to you is published. Not that it's any of your dwarfs' business, or yours: I claim a Constitutional right to make my own mistakes and I'm damned if I'll surrender it to the likes of you.

And so to count three, in which it is written that I let the Emergency Civil Liberties Union and the National Committee to Abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee use my name on their letterheads, your dwarfs adding that some people on those committees were big bad Russian wolves. Maybe they were. I never asked them. The fact is I never met but two of them and that was at a Princeton meeting to honor Professor Einstein. I have always loathed meetings, and I had learned to avoid them by the time I met those two. They were opposed to the hon-holy (and sloppy) sort of witch hunting that passes for work on your sort of committee. I am opposed to it (and to you). Any man opposed to you is hereby granted my full permission to put me down as a co-signer of any statement that says you and your committee are humanly wrong, that your self-exalting brand of Americanism consists of running a dwarf shop for compounding hearsay and excerption into accusation, accusation into headlines (though you didn't quite manage to get them as Joe McCarthy was once able to), and headlines into guilt; and that your function is to lead Americans down from their own best principles.

The man with whom I co-sign in this opinion may have other opinions I do not endorse. His mother-in-law may be Mata Hari's third cousin. He may have taken his tour of the United Nations on the day Khrushchev pounded his shoe, and he may have stayed to pick up one of the nails that flew out of it, and it it possible to believe there was a message inscribed on the nail. He may even have a bomb shop in his cellar. I hope he hasn't. If he has, I hope the cops find out about it and do their stuff (which includes the most scrupulous Constitutional safeguards of the man's rights).

Even if he is guilty, I want to join him in voting against you, as I would be forced to join you in voting him guilty if the evidence is conclusive. I find the evidence against your hon-holy methods to be conclusive, and I would be happy to join with anyone—ideally, with my neighbors-in-law in the Missouri Eighth Congressional District—in voting you out of office and back to Hog Wallow, where you might just find time to read up on what the American Constitution is about.

I know you must have had one go at it back in law school, but either it didn't take or you were cutting classes those days. Despite your absences, it remains a mighty document. If you were retired with time on your hands and no dwarf shop to worry about, even you might be persuaded by it.

Then you wouldn't have to write sneaky letters full of non-existent abundant reasons and first blushes, and I wouldn't have to be running a spy apparatus. Think of mine as essentially dismantled. Anytime your constituents get around to dismantling you would be just fine.

And don't be too smug about the local jingo-mill you have running for you out there in Missouri. I've known Missouri men to be hard set, but not generally against reason. The fact is that some of your constituents were prime agents in my spy ring. And bear in mind that the eighteen-year-olds are going to be voting the next time around. Those kids may look funny to the boys in the back room, but the kids have their own idiom, and I doubt that they will buy your jingo as language enough. And there are a lot of them, Hon—a lot more than your dwarfs are going to be able to keep books on.

Don't say I didn't warn you. After all, and as remotely as possible, I am some sort of neighbor-in-law, and I might just run into you sometime when you're out there slopping the pigs. That's good honest work. I've slopped a few myself in my awkward and unaccustomed way. I know it's the sort of work a man does well to stay upwind of, at least on a hot day. I'm still inclined to think that on the hottest day in the southeast corner of Hell it doesn't stink 1/46th as much as what you and your dwarfs are doing at HISC.

Tsk,
John Ciardi

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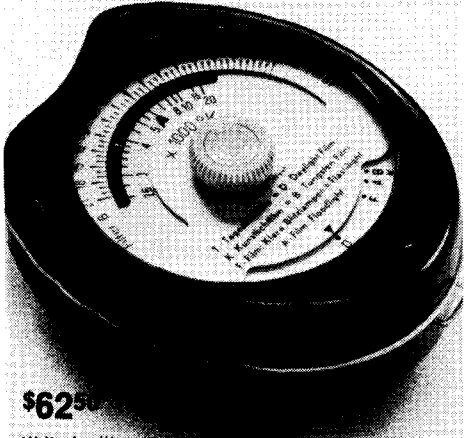

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BORED FEMALE ENGLISH TEACHER. Likes kids, writing, traveling, outdoors, unroutine. Box B-712.

HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR desires summer position as mother's helper. Speaks French, will travel. Box B-440.

YOUNG MAN, pilot, parachutist, Gestalt, wilderness guide, seeks work as special assistant. 801-359-9861 or Box B-484.

CREATIVE FEMALE, 24, experienced elementary teacher, waterfront director, mother's helper, European traveler, desires permanent or summer position. Excellent references. N.J. 201-291-0302, Box B-442.

UNIVERSITY HONOR STUDENT desires position as governess for July and August. Box B-470.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

EDITOR, minimum five years' experience, to polish and style difficult copy for prestigious NYC weekly. Salary $14,000-$15,000. Send letter explaining qualifications rather than resume. Box B-441.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—faculty needed for private independent schools, all states, all subjects and levels; also administrators, department heads, etc.; also business managers, fund raisers, housemothers; nurses, etc., beginners, experienced; initial details, no obligation. SCHOOL SERVICE BUREAU, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut 06095.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU!!! Government assisted passage. 1971 government information and forms. Most complete information available. $1.00. Reports on employment, business, taxes, education, teaching, housing, ranching, maps, etc. AUSTCO, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

ACADEMIC POSITIONS—U.S. and Foreign. All levels and subjects. Come in or send $1.00 for list of hundreds of positions. Private School and College Bureau (Since 1925), Suites 422-24, 342 Madison Avenue, Dept. SR, NYC. 212-0X 7-4341.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES . . . Higher Pay! Free Transportation! Complete information including Directory of 135 companies hiring thousands of Americans overseas . . . all occupations! Send $1.00. International Opportunities, Box 232-MS, Cumberland, Indiana 46229.

EUROPEAN-FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT—Detailed report on currently available jobs—Europe, Australia, Africa. $3.00. Eurojob Report, Box 52643-R, Lafayette, Louisiana 70501.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 942-R, Belmont, California 94002.

"AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES HANDBOOK"—Latest information about Government Paid Transportation, Employment, Business, Farming, Housing, Education . . . plus "Employers' List" and Forms. Send $1.00. International Services, Box 19107-MT, Washington, D.C. 20036.

OVERSEAS JOBS. High Pay, Travel, Adventure. Directory of over 100 American firms now hiring for overseas projects. $1.00. Transworld, Box 90802-K, International Airport, Los Angeles, California 90009.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA NEEDS YOU—Keep your U.S. citizenship. New Australian Handbook describing free passage, employment opportunities, business, farming, teaching, etc. $1.00. Employment Directories: Australian businesses, $1.00, U.S. businesses there, $1.00. All three, $2.00. Buckeye, Box 1032CJ, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from page 61)

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PRINCIPAL—K-8 grades, 350 pupils, 15-25 per class seeks candidates with strong academic training in subject matter areas (literature, sciences, mathematics, or other liberal arts). Nominee must be capable of developing and leading innovative, dynamic programs which will stimulate both the brighter and average child; position carries full administrative responsibility. Salary open. Mail resume, including professional accomplishments and current certifications to Secretary, Board of Education, Deal, New Jersey 07723.

SOVIET AFFAIRS ANALYST: Minimum recent M.A. in Soviet Studies, with fluency in Russian. Perfect English necessary, plus knowledge French and/or German helpful. Must have broad knowledge of Soviet affairs and ability to do independent research in Soviet media. Ability to work under pressure. Position available in Europe. Housing and overseas allowance included in benefits. Send resume and salary requirements to Box B-455.

HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPALSHIP—700 pupils, grades 9-12. Campus school system; excellent staff. Salary $26,000-$30,000. Principalship experience required. Forward application to Superintendent of Schools, Weston, Connecticut 06880.

SUMMER JOBS—Over 150,000 summer jobs (also 8,000 permanent) open right NOW in U.S. and Overseas. Gives specific job data, salaries, addresses, etc. Hurry! Jobs are filled early. Used and approved since 1952. Regular price $6.00. Special—rush $4.00 now for new 1971 "Summer Job Directory." Resume manual $1.00 or FREE with order. Summer Job Center, 173-SR North 9th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211. (Add 25¢ regular mail, add $1.00 first class.)

WORLDWIDE POSITIONS AVAILABLE. Enjoy high pay, travel allowance, paid overtime!! Write: Global Employment, Box 706P49, Orinda, California 94563.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings all trades, Construction, Office, Engineering, Sales, etc. $700 to $3,000 month. Expenses paid. Free Information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

VERMONT. All-season chalets, village homes. Choice acreage. Free brochure. ROLAND BEERS & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

THE ONLY WAY to get all the house you want is to build the house you want. But before you build, you'd better think. And the place to start your thinking is on the third cover of this magazine.

BERKSHIRES, stunning chalet, 5 acres, lake rights, $37,500. Furnishings, additional acreage optional. 212-LI 4-7033.

MANHATTAN-80's WEST—Park block, 2 bedroom duplex with garden, fireplaces, and 2 floor throughs for income. New heating system and roof. $80,000. Principals only. 212-724-9430.

VERMONT—LAKE WILLOUGHBY. Desirable 8 room house. All conveniences; garage, workshop, lawns. About 4 acres. $29,000. SR Box B-477.

NOVA SCOTIA—Period home, 2 full baths, fireplace, central heat. 220 wiring. Double garage. Fruit trees. Antique furniture if desired. View. Quiet. Box B-705.

VERMONT—Farms, Acreage, Country and Town homes. Free photo lists. Andersen Realty, Realtor, 27 South Main Street, Rutland, Vermont 05701.

For Rent—Furnished

PROVENCE, near Avignon. Large, ancient, beautiful house, charming village. Completely equipped. Bechstein grand. Available June, also from August 15th. 714-624-9912.

AGAMENTICUS ROAD, OGUNQUIT. August; September to June. SR Box B-476.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—EDGARTOWN—Private ocean-front home in a community of individually owned homes unlike any other family resort. You have your own private 3 bedroom, 2½ bath, year-round home, complete in every way. Nearby Edgartown offers busy harbors, fine shops and gourmet restaurants on one of New England's most scenic unspoiled islands. When you rent a home at Mattakesett for a week or longer, you enjoy a membership in the Mattakesett Tennis Club (7 championship clay courts). Other facilities, including a large, heated pool, bicycles, kayaks, hibachis and sailboats, are yours for the asking. The 20 mile long unspoiled South Beach is at your doorstep. If you are looking for New England at its finest, send for the Mattakesett brochure: Stanmar, Inc., Box 0-56, Sudbury, Massachusetts 01776, or call 617-443-9922.

BERMUDA SEASIDE PRIVATE HOUSE—Fabulous views. 2 double bedrooms, maid, $220 weekly. 212-427-3172 or write 8 East 93rd Street, NYC, 10028.

RUSTIC 3 BEDROOM furnished cottage, private lake, Connecticut. Less than 2 hours from NYC. $1,200 per year. SR Box B-701.

For Summer Rental

SECOND HOME, July or August. Lakeside cottage community caters to kids. Relaxation or sports. Box 198, Alton, New Hampshire 03809.

STONE RIDGE, NEW YORK, 2 hours NYC. Conveniences, private. 2 bedrooms. Adults. $1,200, June-September. Box 156, Cathedral Station, NYC, 10025.

MAINE ISLAND COTTAGE, July-August. Reached by Lincolnville ferry. Beautiful view bay and woods. Box B-406.

RIVERSIDE, CONNECTICUT—Lovely home by water. Sunfish. July. Adults only. 203-637-2843.

NEAR WOODSTOCK, VERMONT—Charming 5 bedroom lakeside cottage in Victorian colony. $500 monthly. SR Box B-174.

TRANQUILLITY NEAR COOPERSTOWN — Modernized Red Barn overlooking millpond. Sleeps 13. SR Box B-175.

BOOTHBAY REGION, MAINE—Secluded 3 bedroom, modern conveniences. Generously furnished. Private float. $600 month. Box 412, Salem, Massachusetts 01970.

COHASSET, MASSACHUSETTS—4 bedrooms. Beautifully furnished. Spacious grounds, water's edge. $2,750. 617-383-1169.

HOME—MOOSEHEAD LAKE. Private marina and beach. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, 2 living rooms. Box 95, Orrington, Maine 04401.

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA. Spacious Spanish Colonial home on wooded acre in Highlands overlooking ocean. Attractively furnished 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, 6 fireplaces, ultramodern kitchen. Private neighborhood beach. San Francisco 2 hours. June, July, August. $675 monthly. 408-624-8397.

WINDHAM, VERMONT. 4 bedroom chalet near summer activities. Available monthly. 203-866-4062.

ROCKPORT, MAINE. Owner's small house on harbor. Anchorage. Beautiful view. Suitable 3 adults. July $650. August $650. 617-227-3137. SR Box B-500.

LOS ANGELES—Hillside, books, records, piano, pencils, studio. 10 minutes USC. $475 for summer. Val Norman, 877 Montecito Drive, Los Angeles, California 90031. 213-221-5704.

ROWAYTON, CONNECTICUT—Lovely 4 bedroom house, porch, patio, overlooking river. Hour New York City. Walk to beach, train. $500 for August. Cremin, 261 Rowayton Avenue, Rowayton, Connecticut 06853.

SOUTHAMPTON—New home, appliances. Water view. Season $3,000. Evenings 516-889-4670.

CRANBERRY ISLAND, MAINE—Secluded shore cabin. Fireplace. Fully equipped. Separate bunkhouse and study. Sleeps 9. June and/or July. $700 monthly. Sailboat additional. SR Box B-457.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

VERMONT—Log home overlooking peaceful lake, private beach, dock, sunfish. 413-253-3581.

VILLAGE on lower Connecticut River—4 bedroom 1798 Cape, July-August, $600. References required. Morton Steinau, Chester, Connecticut 06412.

ESCAPE! Cozy, modern cottage. Maine coast. 25 acres. No neighbors. 212-369-6649.

NEAR PORT WASHINGTON—8 room house, beautiful large backyard, 516-627-2509.

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT—3 bedrooms, 2 baths, fireplace. 80 acres, panoramic view. Private swimming, fishing. $400 monthly. SR Box B-444.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Rent—Furnished

FLORENCE, ITALY—2½ rooms, bath, terrace. Excellent apartment building centrally located on Arno. From August 1st. SR Box B-403.

For Summer Rental

MANHATTAN—Spacious 2 bedroom apartment on Central Park West overlooking park. Double exposure, small terrace facing West. Air conditioners in bedrooms. $1,000 including utilities July-August. Box B-241.

SAN FRANCISCO, Russian Hill. 4 rooms, balcony, roof garden, sunny Bay view. July-October. $250 monthly. SR Box B-429.

MANHATTAN, West Side. Spacious 3 rooms, A/C. $450 month. July-September. Box B-244.

DENVER, COLORADO—Near mountains. Living room, patio, bedroom, study. A/C, swimming pool, sauna. 6/1-9/1. $750. References essential. SR Box B-449.

WEST END AVENUE, New York City. Old world charm. Elegantly furnished. 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, dining room. Doorman. Mid-June through Labor Day. Rental negotiable. 212-873-9326, Box B-486.

APARTMENT FOR SALE

MANHATTAN—WEST 80's (WSURA). Published 4½ room co-op. Modern renovation. Parlor floor, bay window, built-ins. Weekdays 212-483-9735.

STORE FOR RENT

SPACE AVAILABLE for bookstore, natural food, etc. in shopping center near beautiful Carmel, California. Reply SR Box B-405.

ISLAND FOR LEASE

160 ACRE ISLAND, Bay of Fundy, 5-10 years' lease offered. SR Box B-495.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

WOODED ½ ACRE year-round homesites, with lakes, mountains, privacy. Lakefront acreage for "common use" plus adjacent Country Club activities. Approved by: Environmental Resources Commission, Water Resources Commission, Public Health Commission. Write, call EDGEWOD LAKES, Livingston Manor, N.Y. 12758.

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PROPERTY FOR SALE

LAND, VACATION PROPERTIES, restored farm homes. Franklin G. Hovey, Broker, 11 Eastern Avenue, St. Johnsbury, Vermont 05819. 802-748-9571.

MAINE—Wooded acreage, starting at $40 per acre—also all forms of real estate. FRANKLIN REALTY Co., 44 Main Street, Farmington, Maine 04938. Tel. Office 207-778-2852 (Mr. Barrows).

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4287.

SOUTHWEST NEW HAMPSHIRE—Houses and land. Dare Schumacher, Broker, Box 1, Acworth, N.H. 03601.

NOVA SCOTIA LAND—457 acres beautiful Margaree Valley, Cape Breton Island, N.S. Bordered by Margaree River, famous for Atlantic salmon sport fishing, trout. Excellent deer, bear, woodcock, duck shooting. Access by land, sea, air. No pollution, land ⅓ cleared. Write Land, 6 Bellewista Drive, Dartmouth, N.S., Canada.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . Low as $3.50 acre! Vacationing, Homesteading, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands available throughout U.S., send $1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 19107-MW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MARTHA'S VINEYARD-CHILMARK. Small summer Inn, water-view land. SR Box B-453, 212-596-9520.

SMALL BOOKSTORE for sale in western North Carolina. Established. Owner retiring. Write Box 1092, Tryon, N.C. 28782.

HEALTH FOOD BUSINESS for sale. Clean operation, ideal for husband and wife or individual. $150,000 volume with good profit. Nearby, good supply. Minimum cash needed $25,000. Reply to Box B-709.

CAMPS

A SUMMER BY THE SEA for a dozen 16-and-17-year olds, coed. Farm camp overlooks ocean at Cape Breton Island. Operated by The Putney School Work Camp, Putney, Vermont, which takes 85 intellectually adventurous individuals, 13 through 16, coed. Both camps offer an occasion for growth, fun and reflection. Write for literature.

LES CHALETS FRANCAIS, Deer Isle, Coastal Maine. 34th year. The Girls' Camp—with the French accent. Happy, productive summer for girls 5-18. Casual, congenial, creative fun. A-1 staff, excellent facilities. Elective program; majors in FRENCH, ballet, music, art, drama, riding, tennis, sailing and swimming. C'est magnifique! Mrs. Elsa S. James, 1024 Westview Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 10119.

JOIN A MARINE ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION. Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our professional staff will teach you how. Live aboard ship and on our land base in Bahamas and Florida Keys. Teenage and adult programs. Send for brochure: UNDER SEA ACADEMY, 1060-S Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. 412-335-8844.

TEENAGERS RATE HUMAN RELATIONS, community spirit even higher than our art, sports programs. They could be right! Coed 6-18. Brochure! Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 26, New Jersey 08318.

SCIENCE EXPLORING FOR BOYS ages 10-15 at Spruce Mountain Camp, Bryant Pond, Maine. Field and mountain trips, ham radio, photography, plants, animals, astronomy, weather, geology, ecology. Exciting concept of science, recreation. Mt. Katahdin outpost camp. Catalogue: William T. Harty, 12 Highland Street, West Medway, Massachusetts 02053.

UNIQUE CAMPING TOUR of the great southwest. Boys 13-17. Leaves Albuquerque, New Mexico June 29th. Western Safari, Box 653, Barnegat Light, N.J. 08008.

PARENTS—FREE ADVISORY SERVICE. Independent schools; summer study, private camps visited and personally evaluated. Write, indicate child's age, grade, interests, educational needs. Recommendations made and 347-page 30th Annual Educational Register sent without obligation. Vincent-Curtis, Room 202, 224 Clarendon, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

CAMPS

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP"? Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado, suits boys 13-17; unregimented ranch/travel program. 25th summer. Girls: trip Northwest, ranch ⅓ season. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8/16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding ($90 extra). 26 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, art, pottery, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

OVERWEIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camps. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Stanley for girls or Camp Tahoe for boys, Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Phone 212-947-7749.

READING, LANGUAGE, ARITHMETIC—Morning, motivation and skills instruction. Full camp program afternoon and evening. "Singing Cadets Chorus." Boys. Grades 1-8. Stratford Academy, Stratford, N.J. 08084.

WESTERN MOUNTAIN OUTINGS—Backpack and mountain climb in Colorado and Wyoming. Teenage boys. Qualified leaders. Two Sessions June to August. Write or call for brochure. David Bucknam, 1401 Fairfax, Denver, 80220. 303-333-2550.

GLAYDIN—Coed, 8-15. Stresses harmony with self, others, environment. Drama, Overnights; Swimming; Riding; Arts; Gardening; Bake Bread; Harvest Hay. Route 4, Leesburg, Virginia 22075.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

COLLEGE WOMEN, recently retired, enjoy companionable living, northeastern countryside. Personal information must accompany inquiry. Box B-452.

VACATIONS

"JOHNNY SEESAW'S"—SOUTHWEST VERMONT. Improbable name—informal mountain inn, high in Bromley's clean, crisp breezes. Spacious pool, court. Interesting countryside. Fine golf, trail riding, trouting. We enjoy children. Folder. Peru, Vermont 05155.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $10-$16; 4 persons, $16-$20. Reserve by mail or phone.

GASCON RANCH. Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

OVERLOOKING THE BLUE PACIFIC in San Francisco. Residential area. Seal Rock Inn Motel, 545 Point Lobos Avenue, 94121. Write for rates.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private Gulf beach.

THE BERKSHIRE CLEARING—An extraordinary country guest house; a lovely, secret place for just a few. Folder. West Chesterfield, Massachusetts. 413-634-8803 or 802-592-3503.

VERMONT—The Beckoning Country: Beauty, history, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate, well-maintained inn. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip & putt greens. Exceptional food, beverages, air conditioning. Tel. 802-247-5766. Or write Brandon Inn, A Vermont Resort, Box 88, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

VACATIONS

ST. JOHN, U.S. Virgin Islands offers a hilltop hideaway resort with pool. EP or MAP. ESTATE BETH CRUZ HOTEL.

BEACH PLUM INN. Menemsha, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts 02552. Small, informal, overlooking sea and harbor. Beautiful accommodations, superb food. All sports. Open May 25th. 617-645-9454.

UNCROWDED, UNSPOILED CAMPSITES. All activities. Box 432, Watertown, Connecticut 06795.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $140 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

ERUDITE CLIENTELE, children's haven, informal family vacations. Lake Shore Farm, Northwood, N.H. 03261.

AUTHENTIC TYROLEAN VILLAGE in White Mountains. Old-world Alpine Inn, Motel, Family Chalet accommodations. Heated pool. Free golf nearby. Fishing, tennis, dancing. Dining rooms, cocktail lounges. Open July 1st to mid-October. Mittersill Alpine Inn, Franconia, N.H. 03580. A Treadway Resort.

NANTUCKET, Island of Enchantment, 30 miles at sea, less than one hour by air from New York or Boston. Sandy beaches, warm water swimming, surfing, golf, your favorite sports, varied evening entertainment. Well-equipped boat basin. Modern accommodations. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 45 Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

ST. MAARTEN—Pasanggrahan, The Inn on the "in" island. Established 1958 in a tropical garden on the beach with excellent swimming. In town, one minute from Duty Free Shops. Exciting food, quiet, relaxed atmosphere. Cool summer breezes and even COOLER Summer Rates. Write Pasanggrahan, St. Maarten, Netherlands West Indies.

VACATION ON YOUR OWN ISLAND—Drake's Anchorage in Virgin Gorda Sound, British Virgin Islands. An unspoiled, privately-owned, 125 acre island paradise. Secluded beaches. Swimming. Sailing. Scuba diving. Big-game fishing. Accommodations limited to 24 guests to insure a relaxed, informal vacation. Phone 617-969-3235 or write Drake's Anchorage, Box 423, Newton Upper Falls, Massachusetts 02164.

THORN HILL LODGE. Charming country inn on quiet hillside facing Mt. Washington. Swimming pool, lawn sports. $75 up weekly including all meals. D. Darville, Jackson, N.H. 03846.

PLYMOUTH ROCK—Take one home from our beach, a stone's throw from the original. 94 deluxe rooms, heated pool. Golf, restaurants nearby. AAA. Open all year. Governor Bradford Motor Inn, Plymouth, Massachusetts 02360.

BUCKS COUNTY—If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours. The 1740 House is a quiet, very charming country inn. 24 rooms, each with terrace, overlooking the Delaware River. We would be delighted to have you visit us. For a detailed brochure, write: 1740 House, Lumberville, Pennsylvania 18933. Tel: 215-297-5661.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Vermont lake. CAMP: sleep away or day. 1 counselor to 3 children. Pony. ADULTS: sailing, canoe trips, cookouts, tennis, fabulous meals. Cabins or housekeeping. Nearby: golf, auctions, Dartmouth. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC, 10010. 212-GR 3-0222.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. 28771. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Secluded, informal, rustic-yet entirely modern. Southern hospitality amidst Alpine splendor. Recommended by AAA, Duncan Hines. American Plan only. Excellent cuisine. Late May to November. No children under 12. Brochure. Bob Stone & Bill Timmerman, Owner/Hosts. Tel. 704-479-3433.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811. THE SHARY'S.

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VACATIONS

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1778 INN—POCONOS. Forest walks, streams; delicious meals; no pressure. June specials. Box 127, Swiftwater, Pennsylvania 18370. 717-839-7206.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

PROSPECT HOUSE RESORT HOTEL-Golf Club. Panoramic, cool lakeside setting near Rutland (opposite Alexander Woollcott's Island). Pleasurable dining, unique cocktail lounge. GOLF, fishing, safe beach, boating. Riding, tennis, dancing, movies, antiquing, special events. $80-$120 weekly. The Charles Bakers, Hosts. Reservations suggested. Write for Folder. Box 900, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont.

OGUNQUIT. Spring is delightful at this seacoast vacation area. Broad expanse of beach and dunes, majestic cliffs, famous oceanside footpath. Artists' colony. Deep-sea fishing. Wide choice of accommodations. For information, write Dept. 15, Information Bureau, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

HEALTHFUL, EDUCATIONAL VACATIONING. Reducing, Rejuvenation, Recreation, Re-education, Delightful Foods, Beautiful Grounds, Wonderful Climate, Cooperative Employment Available. SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-SR.

MAGNIFICENT ISOLATION, meaningful conversation, relaxed participation, memories to bless. Holden Village, Chelan, Washington 98816.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

ON FORESTED LAKESHORE. Private, nonhousekeeping cottages on Long Lake. Fireplaces. Chalet rooms. Delicious meals, lobster bakes. Water skiing, canoe trips, tennis, sauna, entertainment. Pets allowed. AAA recommended. Color folder. Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

BEACHCOMBER'S "TROPIDISE"—"a get away from it all place." Housekeeping motel rooms, efficiencies, cottages; no tipping. Endless beach. Write Rod & Ruth Happel, CARIBE ADVENTURE INN, Box 158, Sanibel Island, Florida 33957.

BLISSFUL VACATIONS FOR PARENTS (AND Children). Unique 165 acre resort on Lake Champlain. Inn, Cottages, Heated Pool, Riding, Water Skiing, Sailing, Tennis (nearby Golf) AND Complete Programs. Separate Dining, Teens to Toddlers. Color Brochure. TYLER PLACE, Box 26, Highgate Springs, Vermont 05460.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, actively, lazily, musically at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts 01240, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send all, yes.

COME AWAY and breathe our fresh air—rare combination of scented pine and ocean spray. Motels and efficiencies. Coffee Shop-Cocktail Lounge. Pool. Fishing. Golf. May into October. Color Brochure. Tel. 207-646-5662. Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Weare, Cliff House and Motels, Box R, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Don and Kathie Murray, Box R, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR. Charming seacoast inn, motel, efficiency apartments on ocean. Informal. Modern. Modified American, European Plans. Seafood, lobsters featured. Cocktails. Scenic boat trips. Motel mid-May to late October. Inn late June-September. Ocean Point Inn, Box A10, Ocean Point, Maine 04557.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open to November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Box 118R, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

1780 LOG HOUSE — Superbly restored, furnished, equipped, charming Appalachian setting year round. Choppingale Tree Farms, Deerfield, Virginia 24432.

VACATIONS

WILD LOONS CALL from Indian Lake's clear mountain waters, Adirondacks. American Plan, families, adults. Rustic, informal. Sailing, horses, guided canoe trips. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y. 12864.

CHRISTMAS FARM INN. 26th year. A small Colonial inn in the White Mountains with a friendly atmosphere, spectacular views, swimming pool, sports. Excellent meals, nicely served. AAA. Doris and Dick Welch, Owner-Hosts. Jackson, N.H. 03846. Tel. 603-383-4313.

BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS. Unique small resort. Secluded. Old world atmosphere. English Hills Inn, Buchanan, Virginia 24066. 703-254-1593.

NASSAU—Relax in 1-2-3 room apartments. On excellent beach, pool. Cable Beach Manor, Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA, Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1936

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Poem by Tennyson; queen of the Iceni (d. 62 A.D.)	28 38 74 79 102 147 158 182
B. Regular; neat	5 17 95 98 109 137 18
C. Vigilant	117 122 179 190 56 16 51
D. Exalt	54 78 84 124 136 161 181 3
E. Break out afresh, as a sore or disease	126 29 46 60 20 149 174 67 68 81
F. Failure, deficiency	131 133 172 6 24 30 58 99 150 154 169
G. Isms	175 2 7 19 39 44 48 62
H. Cripple; render powerless or useless	65 87 110 127 156 166 177 183 22
I. Augmentation	25 83 107 134 151 178 8 32 36 104 116
J. Win a complete victory in (a contest)	141 128 144 146 165
K. Wage-earner	125 37 9 57 69 91 93 115
L. Tobacco center of Thrace, Greece	86 94 112 123 129 140
M. Surround	148 168 49 61 70 80 120

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Aspect; surface; team	164 187 155 180
O. Hermit	105 139 188 35 77 143 159 41 50
P. Hindu goddess of fortune	73 108 189 23 42 4 10
Q. Siren	90 97 145 14 106 118 135
R. "—— is death, and death will have his day," says Richard II. (2 wds.)	185 47 72 170 31 45 27 64
S. Go beyond; send forth	100 52 75 173 186 111 130 89
T. Circumference	152 167 26 101 63
U. Emanation	85 162 121 92 59 119 191 11 33
V. "—— is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." (2 wds.; I Sam. 15:22)	1 15 103 114 132 113
W. Humble, respectfully (3 wds.)	157 153 34 76 13 171 142 21 184
X. Controversial	12 53 66 82 96 138 88
Y. Stimulate, reinvigorate	160 40 163 71 43 55 176

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

						1 V	2 G	3 D		4 P	5 B	6 F	7 G		8 I	9 K	10 P
11 U	12 X	13 W	14 Q		15 V	16 C	17 B		18 B	19 G	20 E	21 W	22 H	23 P	24 F	25 I	26 T
27 R		28 A	29 E	30 F	31 R	32 I	33 U		34 W	35 O	36 I		37 K	38 A	39 G	40 Y	
41 O	42 P	43 Y	44 G	45 R		46 E	47 R	48 G	49 M	50 O	51 C	52 S	53 X	54 D	55 Y		56 C
57 K	58 F	59 U	60 E	61 M	62 G	63 T		64 R	65 H	66 X	67 E		68 E	69 K	70 M	71 Y	72 R
73 P	74 A	75 S	76 W	77 O	78 D		79 A	80 M	81 E	82 X	83 I	84 D		85 U	86 L	87 H	88 X
89 S	90 Q	91 K		92 U	93 K	94 L	95 B		96 X	97 Q		98 B	99 F	100 S	101 T	102 A	103 V
104 I	105 O	106 Q		107 I	108 P	109 B	110 H	111 S	112 L	113 V		114 V	115 K	116 I	117 C	118 Q	119 U
120 M		121 U	122 C	123 L	124 D	125 K	126 E	127 H		128 J	129 L	130 S	131 F	132 V		133 F	134 I
135 Q	136 D	137 B	138 X	139 O	140 L	141 J		142 W	143 O	144 J		145 Q	146 J	147 A	148 M	149 E	150 F
151 I	152 T		153 W	154 F	155 N		156 H	157 W	158 A	159 O	160 Y		161 D	162 U	163 Y	164 N	165 J
166 H	167 T	168 M	169 F		170 R	171 W	172 F	173 S	174 E		175 G	176 Y	177 H	178 I	179 C	180 N	181 D
	182 A	183 H	184 W		185 R	186 S	187 N	188 O	189 P	190 C	191 U						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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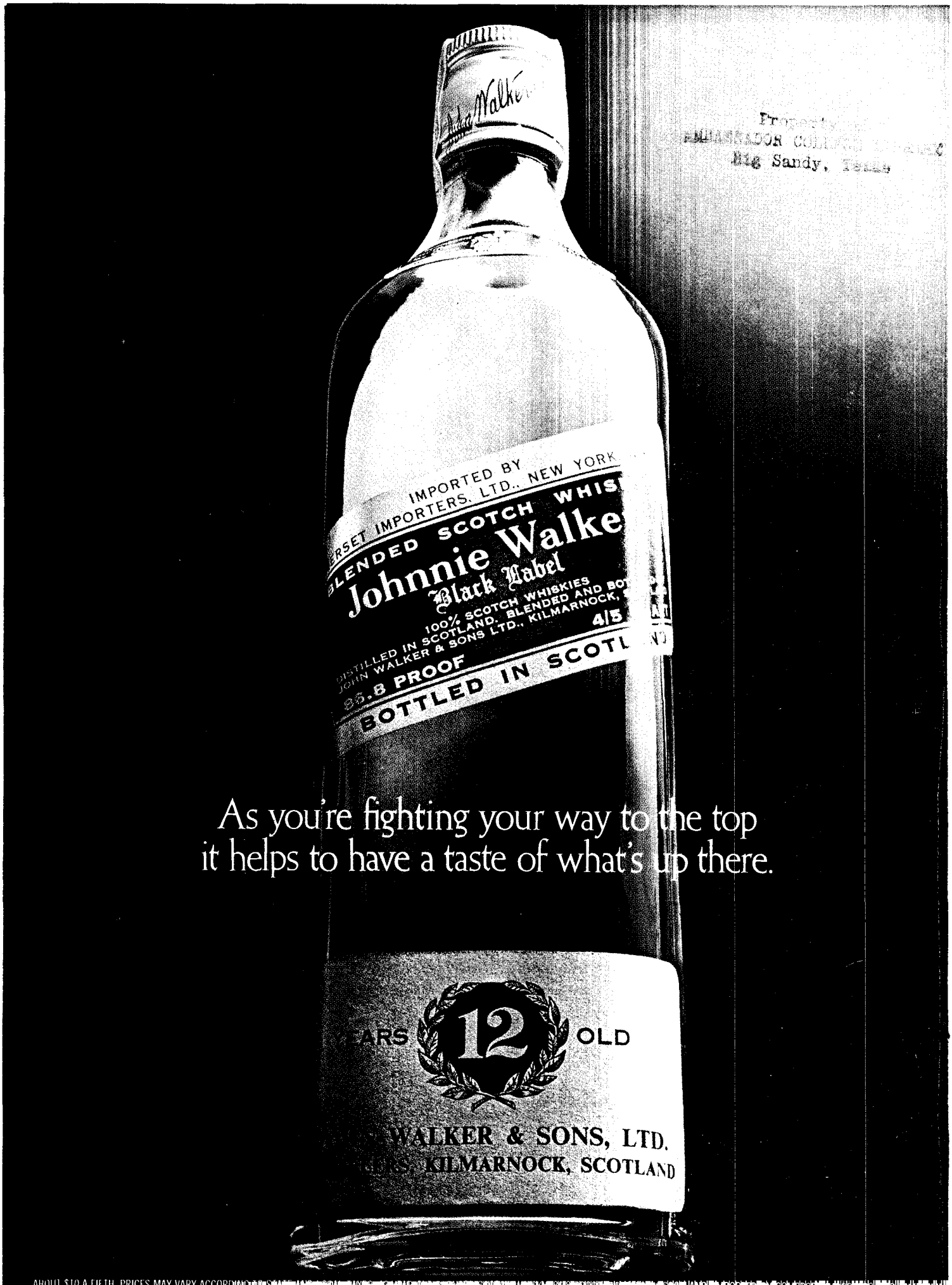

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